

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,617 Vol. 100.

23 December 1905.

6d.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Perhaps after Mr. Balfour's important speech at Leeds last Monday one might describe the Unionist party as consisting fiscally of two shades of thought, the Negotiators inspired by Mr. Balfour, and General Tariffers by Mr. Chamberlain. Outside these, of course, would still be the small section so hideously called Free Fooders. It is characteristic of Mr. Balfour's temper that he does not like the term Retaliation, and would if he had his way substitute for it Negotiation. It is less rasping to sensitive nerves, and as a fact it describes more fully Mr. Balfour's policy. But you could not go to the country on Negotiation alone with much hope. Mr. Balfour defined himself, besides, as a free trader and as one to whom the idea of Preference particularly appealed. His position is, of course, quite clear and logical to people of understanding and taste, but do the mass of voters belong to this class? Are they really better qualified than when Lowe scorned them? If they could be made to understand, the party could easily be got into line for practical purposes.

At the Albert Hall on Thursday the great coup of course was the announcement of the Government's decision to prohibit further recruiting and importation of Chinese labour to South Africa. It drew the calculated meed of applause. Here we have the first step in a colonial policy guided solely by party and electioneering considerations. The Government might have had the decency to wait long enough to give at any rate a show of thought to so serious an administrative decision, which Lord Elgin's laboured minute entirely fails to do. But the necessity of providing a dramatic effect for the Albert Hall meeting was imperative. Consideration of South African prosperity was quite a minor matter. Lord Elgin, the Prime Minister informed the meeting, could find no evidence of tension or friction throughout the empire. What a wonderful thing, seeing that he had had charge of the Colonial Office for about three days! The Prime

Minister must have cited the wrong man. No doubt it was Lord Elgin's under-secretary who gave this opinion. Mr. Churchill would be perfectly ready to give an opinion on any colonial question after three days of office.

Shade of Miall and the Liberal fathers! A Liberal Prime Minister, unfolding his policy and programme on accession to office, closes his speech without once even naming the Church! Disestablishment and disendowment, those consecrated phrases of good Liberalism, have been lost in ten years of opposition. Mr. Asquith has learnt the lesson of his wasted weeks on the Welsh Church Bill in Committee. Even the allusion to education had none of the fine old Nonconformist ring about it. What will Dr. Clifford say? and the Liberation Society? How will Mr. Lloyd-George square his Welsh brigade? And the House of Lords, not a reference to the House of Lords? A great Liberal pronouncement and not a word on the iniquities of the peers or the Church. It is very evident that the discipline of opposition has brought the Liberal leaders in closer touch with the changed temper of the people. They have learnt that these old cries get no hearing now outside a little Nonconformist world. That world, however, will not think the resuscitation of canals a good exchange for the spoils of the Church.

The first passages of Mr. Asquith's performance at the National Liberal Federation Meeting at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday were a little marred by a member of the Independent Labour party who wished to dwell on "Featherstone". He was pushed out however after a sharp struggle, and Mr. Asquith welcomed as "a jolly good fellow"—not quite the view perhaps taken of the Chancellor of the Exchequer by his more discriminating admirers. Mr. Asquith declared that he had nothing to say about the policy of the Government. But as to Home Rule he stiffly defined his own position as one of "resolute determination" to maintain "the paramount and unquestioned authority of the Imperial Parliament". He is only prepared apparently "to improve and liberalise the administration of Ireland"; (which the Prime Minister has defined as a necessary step towards Home Rule). The Irish vote we imagine is not very formidable in East Fife, or these would be brave words of Mr. Asquith's on the eve of an election at which the Irish expect confidently to be courted by Liberal candidates. Mr. Asquith paid by inference

a really remarkable compliment to the foreign policy of the Unionists. He said he did not know to-day where to look for an enemy of England!

The Prime Minister has put the finishing touch to his Government. He has let it be known that when the House meets he will have Mr. Emmott as chairman of committees, a round peg for a round hole says the "Westminster Gazette", we suppose in reference to physical as well as intellectual qualification. The teapot is generously supported in the new Government, Mr. Kearley and Mr. Lough both getting office. Mr. Lambert is reported to be such a good farmer that he has been sent to the Admiralty as Civil Lord. But on the whole the Prime Minister has picked and chosen in just the shrewd, sensible way a man of the world would. He has taken in a few elderly heavy weights, but on the other hand it must be said that he has plenty of youth and freshness in his Government. We notice he has forgotten all about Mr. Channing.

The case of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice is singular. He had taken his farewell of the public service in a letter which deserves to become a classic of its kind. The nation had hardly time to feel the extent of its loss when the announcement was made that the Prime Minister after all had decided to give Lord Edmond the Under-Secretaryship of State for Foreign Affairs. It is the general impression that Lord Edmond's farewell reminded the Prime Minister what virtue he was flinging away—"a pearl richer than all its tribe".

For Lord Monkswell who also said farewell no post has so far been found. Cannot Lord Portsmouth—the "somebody else" who has taken his old post—be induced to give way? He has only the welfare of the Liberal party at heart; will he not give way to Lord Monkswell? But perhaps he would say "Yes, I have only the welfare of the Liberal party at heart, and this is the reason why I am unable to resign my new office". There are one or two other slight omissions which are noticeable. Mr. Dalziel has no office, nor has Mr. Samuel Evans. Every Prime Minister must have his Omichunds. Others such as Mr. Munro Fergusson have retired no doubt of their own will.

We are glad Lord Curzon has declined to stand for the City of London, glad in the sense that we do not think it conducive to national dignity, as we have pointed out before, for an ex-Viceroy of India to sit in the popular Chamber. Otherwise we should have been well pleased to see Lord Curzon established as Unionist candidate for the City, as it would have saved the City from the peril of Sir Edward Clarke. This Unionist pro-Boer and pro-Venezuelan is of course in no way deterred by the knowledge that he is not to the taste of a large proportion of City Conservatives. His candidature has been a job all through, and might well end in the seat being lost to Mr. Schuster.

In the old Bradlaugh days Mr. Labouchere was fond of referring to himself as "the Christian member for Northampton", and the jest was characteristic of the man. For all his life Mr. Labouchere has flouted and giped at all authority, spiritual and temporal, social and political, and, like all Ishmaels, he loved to depict himself as worse than he really was. His retirement will deprive the House of Commons of a piquant and original personality, though there can be no doubt that Mr. Labouchere has displayed his accustomed shrewdness in making his bow to the public. It is only very exceptional men like Gladstone who retain their mental and physical powers at the age of seventy-four, and during the last Parliament the member for Northampton showed unmistakeable signs of failure. Mr. Labouchere's speaking never was as good as his writing; and latterly his speeches became uninteresting, sometimes even unintelligible.

Mr. Labouchere has always been the incarnation of rationalism, and as such his career has been remarkably successful. He started life with many advantages: went from Eton into the Diplomatic Service, was the nephew of Lord Taunton, and inherited a good fortune in the shape of shares in Williams and Deacon's Bank.

It is needless to say that the discipline and prudery of the Diplomatic Service were not to his taste, though he acquired more than a tinge of cosmopolitanism. He then started as an operator on the Stock Exchange, and getting himself appointed financial editor of the "World", he bought and sold the shares which he wrote about in his paper. Mr. Labouchere however was far too clever not to see that the professional "bulls" and "bears" played the game better than he, and relinquishing the rôle of an amateur speculator, he took to his real profession of political journalism. If we except the year 1868-69 when he sat for Middlesex, Mr. Labouchere did not begin his political career till 1880, when at the age of fifty he was returned for Northampton.

The younger generation of politicians, who know only the milder methods of the grey and genial veteran, cannot imagine the rage and terror which the Mr. Labouchere of twenty years ago inspired in the respectable and the criminal classes. Some of his attacks upon political opponents and the "upper suckles" were outrageous enough. But it was remarked that though he occasionally laughed at Court officials, he never attacked the Royal Family; and even his assaults upon smart society never passed the line which divides hostile criticism from vulgarity. Though he denounced the policy which led to the Boer war, once the war was begun, Mr. Labouchere's attitude was unexceptionable. On the whole Mr. Labouchere has done a great deal of good in his life, more good and less evil than many so-called statesmen. He has exposed swindlers, and money-lenders, and rotten companies. He has obtained for the public the right to ride, walk and drive up and down Constitution Hill. No victim of cruelty or injustice ever appealed to him for a hearing in vain. Above all (though this is not generally known) he wrote an English style of remarkable purity, logic, and humour.

Sir William Nicholson's appointment as Quarter-master-General of the army will add very considerably to the strength and prestige of the Army Council. It will be remembered that he was one of the War Office chiefs who were ejected at the commencement of the Arnold-Forster régime. At that time he held the post—which by the way had been completely reorganised during his tenure of office—of Director-General of Mobilisation and Intelligence. We should certainly have preferred to see him in a more prominent position than that of third military member of the Army Council. But no doubt in time this will be rectified; whilst for the present we may rest assured that his great ability will make itself felt for good.

At present above all things, the military machine needs rest after numerous upheavals; and we sincerely trust that the new War Secretary will discountenance any more hasty and ill-considered innovations. It is entirely satisfactory that he cannot be classed amongst the amateur military reformers; and that he has not committed himself to views which in practice are found unworkable and unsatisfactory. But there is one point about the military future which is not reassuring. The crude recommendations of the Esher Committee have overshadowed the army like a nightmare for nearly three years. Consequently we deeply regret to see that Lord Esher has been appointed a member of the Defence Committee—on what grounds, professional or political, we fail altogether to understand—and that Mr. Haldane has chosen, as his principal private secretary, the secretary of the mischievous Committee of Three.

Correspondents with the Prince and Princess of Wales are working their superlatives hard. Having in the earlier stages described various functions as the most gorgeous ever witnessed in India, they are now hard put to it to find words descriptive of something better than the best. From the accounts of the reception of the Prince and Princess at Gwalior on Wednesday it would really appear that the Maharajah did all in his power to eclipse in picturesque magnificence anything which has gone before. The Prince of Wales was no doubt duly impressed

by the howdah of beaten gold in which he rode from the station to the palace with an escort of thirty-seven elephants. His imagination could not fail to have been stirred by the sight of the historic fortress, of the splendid Mahratta troops, once the terror of India now given over to ceremonial, and—the Maharajah's motor. Elephant and motor-car cover the story of locomotion from the ancient East to the West of now.

The Tsar's name-day, which was looked forward to with apprehension, passed by without special incident. After a week's incubation it is reported that the Labour Executive Committee representing various societies of workmen and others have ordered a general strike of the railway, postal and telegraph services. Moscow and S. Petersburg are said to have begun the movement. The Labour Committee has issued a manifesto stating that the object is to force the hands of the ministry and obtain a constituent assembly. There are grave doubts whether the strike will be as successful as was the first. On the eve of its proclamation the postal strike at Odessa was ended by a compromise between the employes and the Government; and along with the misery that a general strike will bring there may be expected terrible reprisals by the strikers on dissentient workmen who are believed to be numerous.

So much has been heard of mutinies and armed risings that it is interesting to note the "Times" Odessa correspondent's remarks. He says the accounts of military mutinies in Odessa and South Russia are for the most part canards and in the case of Kieff and Sevastopol are almost sheer invention. So too at a meeting of the Constitutional Democratic party, whose object is a constituent assembly, Professor Miliukoff declared that it was absurd to talk of an armed rising. The case of the Baltic Provinces, to which this statement hardly seems applicable, is more comparable with that of Finland than with Russia in general. A regiment like the Moscow Grenadiers breaks out into a demand for the redress of military grievances, and the regimental press may issue declarations which seem to have a wider purport. In the end however it has always proved that the majority of the soldiers were not inclined to join the extreme parties. With the redress of particular grievances the mutiny collapses as that of Moscow has done. The loyalty of the army has been the most important element in the situation, and even if the worst account of Moscow being in the hands of rebels be true, no revolution can succeed without the army.

Great praise has M. Rouvier won—at home and abroad the chorus of approval has gone up. For correctness of form and clearness of exposition he deserves praise; but literary excellence will hardly charm away a tangle more than diplomatic. France has no desire of course to do anything aggressive in Morocco; she only desires to safeguard her own interests, which necessarily transcend the interests of other Powers owing to the geographical contiguity of French possessions in North Africa. France must protect her Algerian subjects from the possible consequences of Moorish disorder. All this is unexceptionable: neither Germany nor any other Power could make a diplomatic case against it. But the question France has to answer is not, what right has she to act, but why has she not acted?

The Hungarian Parliamentary parties seem to have fixed up a *modus vivendi* with Baron Fejervary's Ministry until next February. Once more on Tuesday the Chamber was informed that it was to be prorogued until that date; and then immediately there followed the customary protests by the Coalition represented by Count Apponyi against prorogation before the votes and estimates could be discussed. Count Tisza who for long has been at arm's length from the Coalition supported the protest as did several Socialists, and the resolution was passed unanimously. Next day Baron Fejervary was in Vienna and tendered his resignation to the King. The difficulty amongst others is about ratifying the new commercial treaties which have been promulgated without Parliamentary sanction. Baron

Fejervary does not want to assume the responsibility of ratifying them; the Parliamentary leaders will not condone the unconstitutionality nor adopt what has been done without their consent, though now they are not averse from the treaties. Possibly Baron Fejervary's resignation is only formal and the treaties will be ratified by him. In this way something in this and other matters may be done to smooth the way for Parliament meeting in February. The Suffrage Bill meantime remains in suspended animation.

Tariff Commission reports follow rapidly on each other. Three have been issued in the last few days containing the evidence taken in the lace, the hosiery and the carpet industries. All tell the same tale of declining profits and a reduced aggregate in wages owing to tariff barriers against British manufactures and the invasion of British markets by the foreigner who works under conditions which would not be tolerated in England. In all three cases it is agreed that the preferential tariff of Canada has been of material assistance to British exporters. Good grounds indeed are advanced for the belief that preference has enabled British hosiery manufacturers to make up in the markets of the Dominion what they have lost in those of the American Republic. "The preferential tariff in Canada", says one witness, "has reopened the market for us in the cotton industry". All the evidence taken by the Tariff Commission goes to show not only the advantage which Preference means but the extent to which the colonies have helped to maintain the total of British exports.

Possibly even those who have been most angry at the London County Council continuing to run the river steamboats when they could not be run without loss will see with regret that the stopping of the boats has been serious for a number of the employes who join the unemployed. At the Council meeting on Tuesday it was reported that fifty-three members of the permanent staff and forty-four temporary servants have had to be dismissed. The Council could not do with them what the American inventor of the automatic telephone has done, according to the papers. Over two thousand young women have been thrown out of employment by this new invention, and the inventor, with more consideration than is usually shown in such cases, has undertaken to provide for them by taking them to Canada and finding husbands for them. Whether the story is true or not we do not know, but any book on electricity will show that the automatic telephone is a likely invention. When it gets into use the seriousness of it to thousands of skilled girls is obvious. Not many inventions are like the electric coal-miner which makes room for more workers than it displaces.

It is to be hoped the Salvation Army will not waste the £100,000 Mr. Herring has given it. What a fine thing it is for a charity to be fashionable! Defy authority, make yourself a nuisance, be irregular, and you will get a vogue. Of course to establish a really successful colony here of two or three hundred families would be something quite different from the Labour colonies which are only assemblies of celibates and do not provide for family ties. No one would think of establishing colonists in another country on such a principle, and though we may have people who can only be dealt with in a Labour colony here, there are others who deserve different treatment. But home colonisation should not be left to individuals. States such as Prussia and Russia have for mixed political and social reasons carried out schemes of this kind on a large scale successfully. There are not many objects more important than a resettlement on the land of those who from many causes have deserted it for the towns.

It appears that "boric acid" and "formaline" have become essential to modern civilisation. The freshest sausage of bread and meat would not keep two days without them. Our butter and cream, our milk, fish and meat are all preserved with boric acid or formaline. Mr. Cluer had a case before him on Tuesday where a

provision dealer was charged with using forty-one grains of boric acid per pound of sausages. It is clearly an offence to use boric acid in milk and Mr. Cluer with some hesitation decided that it is so also to use it in other foods. There was the usual conflict of medical testimony as to whether boric acid forty-one grains to the pound is really injurious per se; but it was pointed out that when it comes to be used in everything, we may all of us take in much more than that quantity in a day. But one point came out which is well worth noting by English butter producers. Foreign butter comes to us just as charged with boric acid as our own butter is and there have been no steps taken to prevent it. Is this another instance of "one-sided free trade"? For the information of housewives and diners we ought to add that if they meet with a specially tough sole, it has probably been treated with formaline and its technical name is a formaline sole. How Mrs. Glasse would have envied our knowledge!

We are glad to notice that a strong band of medical men, including Sir Douglas Powell and Sir William Broadbent, have just made a protest against the small amount of sleep allowed to boys at English schools. They state that for all boys between thirteen and sixteen years of age a full nine and a half hours in winter and nine hours in summer are desirable both for mind and body. The virtue of doing without sleep has long been exploited by those who happen to be by constitution very sparing sleepers. At College, for instance, some of the Dons are fond of reproaching undergraduates for sleeping too long. Everybody who needs and enjoys a good continuous sleep of nine hours or so in each twenty-four has been pestered with the foolish old saying about eight for a baby and nine for a fool or something of the sort.

Who does not profoundly distrust the busybody who declares that he hardly ever gets more than four or five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four? A sleep of eight or nine hours after a reasonably hard day's work, and a doze of an hour or so after waking in the morning with perhaps a cup of tea just before rising—it is this kind of thing that makes life pleasing and worthy. The hurry-scurry of the blatant early riser is embarrassing to the household and odious to the steady sleeper. Another disagreeable and immodest person is the man, too common in these days, who loudly boasts that he breaks the ice on his bath in the winter, and scoffs at the effeminacy of anyone who prefers the chill off.

"Gallant little Wales" justified herself last Saturday. The really marvellous New Zealand football team was beaten for the first time. It is unfortunate that the event has been followed by a somewhat undignified dispute as to the ruling of the referee. The New Zealanders did not score a single point, but claim to have succeeded in a try which was disallowed. Certain criticisms in the Welsh papers alleging foul throwing in the scrum are equally to be deprecated in the best interests of the game. Mr. Dixon, the manager of the New Zealand team, in an indignant repudiation of the charge suggests that the referee should be mutually agreed upon as provided by the laws of the game and that he be asked to place the ball in the scrum on every occasion. Mr. Seddon has been so excited and enthusiastic about the visit of the New Zealanders that we hope no imperial friction will come of the defeat of Saturday last.

Political clamour and the noise of an election do not make for the Christian observance of the Feast of the Nativity. More serious in the view of most of our holiday-makers, it interferes with their other arrangements and intrudes on festal gatherings. They have no right whatever to complain. What reason of being has Christmas apart from Christianity? Those who care not for its religious aspect would be more reasonable if they ignored the season altogether. But the multitude is too fond of an excuse for a holiday to do that. They are content to take the holiday and forget its occasion. However, even the mere holiday may be an echo of the song of angels in ears that have long forgotten the song itself; and so the holiday had better be.

FACE TO FACE.

THE speech of the Prime Minister at the Albert Hall and Mr. Balfour's speech at Leeds have done much to clear the issues for the coming election. It is now perfectly clear that Home Rule is to be the Unionist cry on the defensive side and Fiscal Reform on the constructive. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman for his party has made it equally clear that he is going to stand on a platform of old Liberalism in imperial matters and will attempt nothing heroic in domestic policy. Home Rule is still their Irish plan but they are not going to talk much about it and they are going to call it by another name. Some useful social reforms are to be thrown in with the rest, if they can find time to attend to them.

We would say at the outset that if the Liberals should be able to take any practical and useful step in the increase and improvement of the housing accommodation of the poorer people, in dealing with the question of underfed children at school, in organising employment on a permanent basis through state agency, we shall welcome good work done by them on these lines as much as if it were done by Tories. We decline to regard these questions, affecting the daily life and health of the people, as party questions at all. So far as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's utterances on these social problems are sincere, so far as they do not spring from party motives, we wish him good speed in giving them effect. If he devotes attention to these questions with a single mind, he need not fear any embarrassing opposition from his political opponents. It is a Prime Minister's friends rather than his opponents that usually make difficulties for him in the performance of good works of this kind. Also, for ourselves we shall not be sorry if the Liberals effect a re-settlement of trade-union law, which recent decisions have reduced to a confusion, injurious to the whole industrial and commercial community, bearing unequally on the working classes, and alien from the spirit and intention of the original Acts, which were the work of Tory legislation. We do not say that trade union law can or ought to be put back precisely in the position it held before this series of judicial decisions began, but we do say most emphatically that it cannot remain where it is. If Mr. Asquith were again at the Home Office instead of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, we should be very much more hopeful of this question being settled than we are. We see no reason to expect very much from Mr. Gladstone at the Home Office. We are not enamoured of the plan of making the Home Office a Chief Whip's perquisite; nor could we say that Unionist experience of this plan was encouraging. Of all Unionist precedents Sir Henry has chosen about the very worst to follow. In fact we are not very sanguine of Liberals doing much in social reform: they have never shown any liking for these subjects in the past, and there is too much of the old Liberal, who was actively averse from all these things, about Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and about his speech on Thursday for social reforms to stand much chance. We regret it the more that work done on these lines would be some set-off against other features of the Liberal policy as unfolded on Thursday which we can regard only with the most intense dislike.

There was nothing to find fault with in the Prime Minister's words on this country's foreign relations; in his allusion to Russia and Germany there was much to praise. Sir Henry is not the man to lapse into incorrectness of tone in speaking of foreign Powers. If his temper in the whole matter of the British international position were as unexceptionable as his tone in referring to the other Powers, we might be fairly easy as to the Liberal conduct of foreign affairs. Unfortunately he showed a temper in this very speech as mischievous as it was poor. It is all very well for him to commend himself for the excellent relations he finds existing between this country and the rest of the world (and this, he might have remembered, is after ten years of Unionist government), but what does he propose to do to preserve this happy state of things? Reduce the army and navy. In the old Liberal idiom we were told once more that the possession of large

armaments makes for international friction. Force is no remedy; so we are to be deficient in force in order that sentiment and good feeling may abound. It is some time since we have heard this particular species of claptrap, once very familiar, so solemnly preached. Mr. Gladstone used to preach it, but it has seemed to be dying out even amongst Liberals. Now Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman resuscitates it, oblivious of all the facts of the last twenty years. He was great on the *entente cordiale*; he should reflect that a war with France over Fashoda was prevented only by the single fact of the strength of the British navy. Let Sir Henry's amiable aspirations be achieved and our armaments sink to the level he desires, and we shall soon have plenty of opportunity to test the strength of the sentiment he prefers to force. He has an instinctive dislike of things and persons military and naval. In order to indulge this antipathy he was not ashamed to drag into the party arena the unfortunate difference between Lord Kitchener and Lord Curzon, a difference which every Englishman who cares for the dignity of his country and its standing with the world will do his utmost to keep in the background. Not Sir Henry: he flourishes it with delight, only too happy to proclaim his sympathy with the civilian against the soldier. More serious still, he plainly suggested that the Liberal Government would intervene to upset the decision lately arrived at. Thus to treat India as a subject for party recrimination sheds a bad light on the Premier's fitness for imperial responsibility. And his harangue on economy was in the same spirit. Taxes are to be reduced, of course at the expense of the army and navy. The national services are to cost less, no matter what the result, that the individual may have more to spend on himself and on his own pleasures. Self-sacrifice in the public service the Prime Minister decries: the citizen's whole regard is to be centred on lessening his contribution to the needs of the country. Smaller army, smaller navy, less taxes, cheaper commodities, that is the unselfish, the patriotic gospel of the Liberal leader. Such a message may be attractive, it may be good electioneering, for it certainly appeals to the selfish and more sordid side of men; but it is political teaching which would be impossible to any man who appreciated the higher side of patriotism. It is individualism in the lowest. Patriotism without sacrifice is a sham. This Liberal gospel of mere comfort is John Bright's point of view over again. "Is it cheaper to keep the enemy out or let him in?" This cant about militarism is nothing but a desire to evade the sacrifice necessary to keep up an army and a navy; a mean spirit to which a political leader should be ashamed to minister. It is good and traditional Liberalism, very likely. But the best of the Liberal leaders seemed to be getting away from a bad tradition and we deeply regret this relapse of the Prime Minister, especially when we consider that his principal colleagues are Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. They are slipping back into the old paths. This evidence of an anti-imperial temper in the Liberal Ministry seems to us more significant and more sinister than any of the Prime Minister's specific announcements: even than the decision to prohibit the recruiting of Chinese labour for South Africa.

It should at any rate stimulate Unionists to yet keener activity, for it shows that the return of a Liberal majority in effective power would be a more serious thing nationally than at first sight appears. And after Mr. Balfour's speech at Leeds Unionists should really have no difficulty in getting together. Mr. Balfour has stated specifically that fiscal reform is to be the constructive policy of the party, and fiscal reform is to include preference. Indeed Mr. Balfour laid greater emphasis on preference even than on retaliation. Here then we have the principle of tariff reform laid down complete; and the principle is all we want. Elections do not and ought not to turn on details. The public sanctions a policy: the Cabinet in Parliament carries it out. It is an immense economic advance to discard the Cobdenite and *laissez-faire* point of view; and this the Unionist party, as Mr. Balfour insisted, has now effectually done. There is a Cobdenite group, a very small one, in the party; but it cannot be allowed to stand in the way any longer.

M. ROUVIER'S APOLOGIA.

M. ROUVIER'S discourse in the Chamber on the affairs of Morocco was hailed on its delivery as almost inspired. It has been lauded as "dignified and impressive" and more until the French Premier finds himself in an almost farcical position, a Trissotin, mouthing his verses to the "Femmes Savantes",

"On se sent à ces vers, jusques au fond de l'âme,
Couler je ne sais quoi qui fait que l'on se pâme".

But in truth this deliverance, though highly correct in tone, was chiefly remarkable for its omissions. It simply repeated what the whole world has known all along, that France, owing to the geographical position of her Algerian colony, had certain rights in regard to Moorish affairs not possessed by any other European Power. As to the question of French interests which the Premier made the second plank of his platform, and which he defines as implying the special position enjoyed in that country by French trade and the investments of French capital, M. Rouvier cites the agreements between France, Spain, and ourselves as establishing them in the "forefront" of other European interests. It may be that this country is precluded from contesting this position by the effect of the Anglo-French Agreement. We said at the time, and we hold now, that this country made a very bad bargain. We sacrificed our position in Morocco as predominant partner and we jeopardised the future of our trade which was 50 per cent. of the total foreign trade of the country. It is true we formally secured the open door for thirty years, but what is that in the life of nations? We also abandoned the results of years of skilful diplomacy on the part of our representatives, and we deserted the unfortunate Sultan, who preferred us to any other foreigners and whose troubles with his own subjects were chiefly due to following our advice. In return for this France was to establish order in the country, and thereby presumably open up fresh avenues for trade and keep open such as existed already. Has this been done?

Hear M. Rouvier. He puts forward, it is true, the rights and interests of France, but he does not advance one single fact to prove that anything practical has been done to enforce them or to justify the privileged position which she claims under an Agreement with ourselves that has been in existence for now more than eighteen months. Was ever a more impotent conclusion to a dignified exordium? Supposing that eighteen months after we had first assumed control of Egypt the state of that country had been what that of Morocco is to-day, the safety of foreigners equally precarious, and the routes of trade equally unsafe? Would not France and Europe have been justified in asking for an account of our stewardship and in bowing us out? If it is said Germany prevented France from taking action by not acquiescing in the Anglo-French agreement, clearly M. Rouvier cannot accept this explanation as his own, for in doing so he would at once give away the whole of his case or so much of it as may be left to form a basis for effective argument. He cannot argue that Germany by the Imperial visit to Tangier and so forth went back on her previous acquiescence in the agreement and at the same time say that Germany hampered French action by not acquiescing in the agreement.

Indeed the greater part of M. Rouvier's speech is mere "common form". We gladly recognise the entire propriety of his attitude towards this country. He could not indeed discourse in any other sense, for have we not sacrificed much in Morocco for the sake of French friendship? And now instead of finding ourselves superseded by French syndicates and traders we see Germany installing herself as the favoured friend of the Sultan and the Maghzen. The pier at Tangier, which was built by an English concessionaire through the good offices of Sir Arthur Nicholson, is now being repaired by Germans on a contract obtained by Count von Tattenbach. The small cattle-transports which ply between Gibraltar and Tangier are to be superseded by large passenger vessels belonging to a German company. We also, in our extreme haste to make everything pleasant for France

took no precautions to secure the neutralisation of Tangier, though the Foreign Office was urgently implored to do this both by our military and naval authorities and by British merchants. Furthermore, certain lands belonging to the Moorish Government have been hypothecated to German financiers who have given pecuniary aid to the Sultan, for the customs had already been pledged to France.

Up to the present time then M. Rouvier cannot find a single accomplished fact to justify French claims to control the destinies of Morocco. Nothing, it is true, can do away with the exceptional position she holds by reason of the contiguity of her Algerian territory. But France will demand something more than the mere permission to organise a police force to keep in check the frontier tribes, though her conduct during the last four years has done nothing to justify any extensive claims. There was blundering from the first. Possessing an excellent representative in M. Paul Revoil the Government allowed him to be superseded by a party manœuvre, though the irony of circumstances now brings him forward again as the representative of France at the Conference. M. Revoil was at first French Minister at Tangier and afterwards Governor of Algiers and he set about solving the problem in the only sensible way, by working it out as a Moorish-Algerian policy to end in "peaceful penetration". The main idea was to establish a neutral zone over which French influence should be supreme and then gradually to extend that influence over the neighbouring tribes. A Moorish police was to be instituted, commanded by French officers, and French military posts were to be established on the frontier. This would have proved an excellent beginning of a policy of penetration and should have been followed by a gentle flooding of Morocco by French explorers, doctors, merchants and school teachers, much as Austria has been pacifically invading Macedonia. Unfortunately M. Revoil was recalled, the skirmish occurred at Fiquig, the Chambers grew restive and discouraged all military adventures and the Governments of Paris and Algiers ceased to act in perfect harmony. The French Government then took a fatal step in approaching the Sultan by means of a diplomatic mission arranged on the same lines, as would have been one despatched to a European sovereign. This also was too late, for it should have started immediately upon the conclusion of the Anglo-French Agreement, when for a short time the Sultan believed himself abandoned and would have thrown himself into the arms of France to procure the much-needed financial assistance and protection against the fanaticism of his own subjects. But the French mission was paralysed by vacillating instructions, and French activity on the frontier was sternly repressed from Paris. Therefore, when in the midst of these dilatory negotiations the Kaiser made his appearance at Tangier, the French game was up. M. Delcassé resigned, for both the Ministry and the Chamber refused to back his policy by an appeal to force if necessary.

In failing to support her foreign Minister France showed her weakness and has seriously compromised her own position in Morocco, but M. Delcassé was not altogether blameless. He played a big game, which was the isolation of Germany, and Morocco was only a pawn in it. As M. Pinon says in an able article in the current number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes", he believed himself "le maître de l'heure," and the negotiations with Morocco "only a formality the result of which was certain beforehand, the only thing necessary being not to alarm the peace-loving Chamber". This was a fatal error. To play the game he was playing with Germany required the certainty of a backing by force if necessary. On the other hand, if Morocco had been the principal object of his policy, he might have secured, in fact compelled, the assistance of all the Powers, including Germany, by timely and judicious disclosure of his designs. Such a disclosure was made to Italy in 1900 and to ourselves and Spain later. Those who are acquainted with the facts are well aware that it was not the fault of the English Foreign Office that the French did not communicate confidentially with Germany while our negotiations were in progress. Opinion in France gave no excuse for taking the high-handed line and subsequently repudiated it, but

Germany had some excuse on her side for assuming that she was being deliberately left out of the game then on foot. Prince von Bülow has since admitted that the action of Germany in Morocco was prompted not by her interests in that country but by the necessities of her position in Europe. But her interests in Morocco have grown in the meantime. France, M. Rouvier seems to assume, after accepting the Conference has the right to feel aggrieved in the event of any further German opposition. We do not believe it. The feebleness of France in action has been such that she can no longer make the demands on European confidence she might have done two years since. It cannot be justly claimed that Great Britain and Spain, who have loyally stood by her hitherto, should necessarily back France in all her demands, nor will Europe give her a general mandate without strong guarantees. She can never recover the ground lost. The time for vague talk and sounding phrases is past and the civilised world has a right to exact some specific pledges as to future French action which shall guard the interests of all against a recrudescence of barbarism.

THE LESSON OF WOOL.

THE evidence taken by the Tariff Commission on the worsted and woollen industries shows clearly the effect of the protectionist policy on the great industrial nations. Our exports of worsted and woollen manufactures are mainly sent to countries of a comparatively high state of civilisation, and it is just these countries that have adopted the system of high duties against the productions of competing nations. Few probably in this country realise how completely successful this policy has been; but whoever takes the trouble to read this evidence will find it abundantly convincing and have certain conclusions forced upon him. These protective tariffs have been effective in largely restricting imports of manufactured goods from this country, and in building up great independent foreign industries. In estimating our losses in this direction we have to think of more than the actual reduction in the quantity and value of our exports to those countries, though that is serious enough. The progress of the world in wealth, in civilisation, in the general standard of comfort, in the facilities for trade, in the vastly improved means of communication and transit, has caused a widely spread and large increase in the demand for worsted and woollen goods. In this increase we ought to have shared, and should have largely shared under fair conditions of trade. The history of the woollen industries is the story of our commercial intercourse with all the great civilised nations. We have steadily built up an export trade to them of the goods which only British manufacturers could produce so well. The trade has grown almost year by year. Then come the tariffs, and at once our exports are largely reduced. Under many disadvantages we have made great efforts to keep our markets, profits and costs (which of course include wages) have been kept as low as possible, and all improvements in manufacturing processes have been adopted. As the population and wealth of these nations have increased, our exports to them have once more begun to rise, and then, just when we began to feel that our trade with them was becoming more satisfactory, a higher tariff has been imposed, and our goods once more largely shut out of their markets. In the one important instance where the duties upon our goods were lowered—by the United States under the Wilson tariff—we practically doubled our exports of worsted and woollen goods to that country whilst the more moderate tariff lasted. But two years' experience of it was enough for the people of the United States. The Dingley tariff, the worst we have ever had to meet, was imposed, and at once reduced our exports to the lowest point in any period when a fair comparison can be made. There is convincing evidence that it is high duties, and nothing but high duties, that have not only checked the natural increase of our export trade in worsted and woollen goods, but, in the case of protectionist countries, have reduced it to its present level.

It is, however, not only an actual reduction in the volume of our exports to protectionist countries that we have suffered. We have also sustained most serious injury from the change in the character of those exports; a change from fully manufactured to semi-manufactured articles, which are used abroad as raw material for foreign manufactures. This change has been disastrous on the wages and condition of our workpeople. Fully-manufactured goods furnish employment to all grades of labour, including adult men's labour, often highly skilled and well paid. The spinning of yarn and the combing of wool is chiefly done by women and children, or, where men are employed, by unskilled and badly-paid labour. It is only in yarn and combed wool that any increase has taken place in our worsted exports, and in consequence in the woollen industry there is plenty of work for women and children, but rarely enough for men. This unfortunate diversion of industry is again the direct result of continental tariffs. The duties upon yarn and combed wool are in many cases merely nominal, whilst those on the finished pieces are very high. The scientific tariff of Germany for instance admits raw materials free of duty. Combed wool at less than one per cent; yarn for weaving at about two per cent.; whilst on fully-manufactured worsted goods the duty amounts to about thirty-eight per cent. All this is brought out very clearly in the evidence taken before the Commission.

There is moreover another matter equally serious with the restriction of our exports to protectionist countries and the deterioration in their character. Their policy has enabled them to build up great industries that now compete with us in every part of the world. Witness after witness before the commission testified to the extraordinary progress made on the Continent and in the United States in the manufacture of worsted and woollen goods during the last twenty years: a progress dependent for its results on their policy of protection. As the direct consequence of this policy British manufacturers are shut out more and more from the best markets abroad, and have to face a competition growing ever fiercer at home from the free importation of goods sent by the very countries from which they are excluded. Another point of great importance brought out in the evidence is that the trade we can still do with the United States and the Continent in fully-manufactured goods is either a trade in novelties and specialities, or it is a surplus trade. This is what we should expect, and is the natural result of the tariffs. Only goods which for some reason cannot be successfully produced in countries where heavy duties are levied, or goods which from their novelty have not yet been produced there, can be successfully placed upon their markets in ordinary times. This trade is necessarily a small one, and as these countries progress it must become less. When they become so prosperous that for a time their own manufacturers cannot supply the demand, then a demand is often created for British goods, and this constitutes what may be called the surplus trade. The consequence of this is that our dependence upon this class of trade leads to alternate periods of inflation and depression, which have a disastrous effect upon the employment of our workpeople and the enterprise of our manufacturers.

Perhaps the most hopeful feature in the evidence is the fairly general agreement amongst the witnesses as to the satisfactory progress of trade within the Empire: evidence which is again confirmed by the statistics. It is pointed out that this is a trade almost entirely in fully-manufactured goods, that it is steadily growing, and that it is capable of such expansion in the near future as may well compensate us for the markets we are losing elsewhere. The irresistible conclusion is that, whilst we cannot hope to regain our lost markets in protectionist foreign countries, we may, by a policy of negotiation backed by tariffs of our own, prevent matters from growing worse, and, by preference within the Empire, secure those markets which are destined before long to be amongst the largest and most important in the world.

THE WATT TRIAL.

MR. JUSTICE PHILLIMORE in his summing-up described the case of Mr. Watt, formerly member of Parliament for a division of Glasgow, who was charged with inciting certain persons to murder his wife, as one of the most remarkable that a jury had been called upon to try for many years past. Now that the jury have found a verdict of guilty, and the judge has sentenced the prisoner to five years' penal servitude, its remarkable character is considerably emphasised. On the assumption of Mr. Watt's sanity he has been found guilty of surely as wild and grotesquely conceived a crime as ever entered into the brain of the most undoubted lunatic. In a criminal trial the prosecution has generally, especially where the facts are not patent, to search for a reasonable motive. A pecuniary one is most common, and as such things are estimated in a criminal court, a sufficient pecuniary one was found in the interest Mr. Watt had under a settlement in case of his wife's decease previous to his own. There was also the motive of hatred against his wife founded on their matrimonial disagreements which have been public talk for several years. All this was reasonable, as criminal motives go, but when we get to the question of the methods by which Mr. Watt proposed to carry out his purpose we get into the region of what appears at once as that of the cock and the bull. No sane person we should think of anything like average intelligence, and Mr. Watt is more than that, could ever have so casually proposed murder to such incompetent agents to be carried out by such ludicrous means. On the face of the story told by the witnesses against him two chance-taken men from the gutter deceived him and cheated him out of his money as easily as if instead of being a man of the world, he had been the most absolute "juggins" that was ever taken in by the confidence trick. If, as the jury says, he really did incite Marshall and Worley and Shuttle in the way they say to murder his wife, the next inquiry ought to be into the state of his mind. If the man were sane and intended murder he could not have planned it with such instruments and methods as set every suggestion of common sense at defiance. Simon Tappertit could not have shown himself more imbecilely bloodthirsty. But then Mr. Watt went into the witness box and was examined and cross-examined. We should not have thought it conceivable that the person who gave an account of the circumstances so coherently and intelligibly—we are not considering its truth—could by any possibility have been the man who issued such absurd directions for the murder of his wife. It may be said that a man may appear perfectly sane until he is approached in some particular way. If Mr. Watt were mad, and in consequence so incited to murder, it would be on the point of his relations with his wife; so that his insanity would come out at some point in an examination which in great part consisted in recalling to him those relations. There is no appearance, however, of anything of the sort in his evidence.

Believing a man to be sane forbids the belief that he will do a series of acts which we have concluded in our mind to be indicative of insanity. So that we should have expected the jury to be convinced that Mr. Watt did not concoct the burlesque conspiracy with Marshall, Worley, and Shuttle. But they have; and by doing so they have, from our point of view, established Mr. Watt's insanity. Why they should, however, have preferred to believe these witnesses as to an insane plot in preference to the evidence of Mr. Watt and Lady Violet Beauchamp is not clear. The incredibility of their story was certainly not supported by any credibility in their character. Mr. Watt and Lady Violet Beauchamp have a record in connexion with the two divorce cases in which they were concerned, and their general relations with Mrs. Watt, which prevented them from being witnesses of a high character for the defence. But when the alternative before the jury was believing such witnesses for the prosecution or such witnesses for the defence we should have thought the balance would incline in favour of the defence. The judge remarked that Shuttle and Worley's evidence in itself was suspicious. Who could believe the romance of Lightfoot with its

interlude of perjury? His evidence cannot surely have had any weight. So that the evidence of the prosecution comes back ultimately to Marshall. That in itself we should have supposed was not sufficient to secure a conviction. His story was contradicted by Mr. Watt and Lady Violet Beauchamp; and if it is true that testimony must be weighed and not merely counted what preponderance can Marshall's be supposed to have over theirs?

The judge was impressed by the coincidence that Shuttle and Worley swore to incitement to murder independently of Marshall. He told the jury that this coincidence was very important. But he had previously discredited Shuttle and Worley's evidence; and we do not see why this suspicious evidence should support the evidence of Marshall, which if standing alone would hardly suffice to send a man to prison. The coincidence of the two groups of witnesses fixing upon the same charge against Mr. Watt, in the circumstances seems to have very little remarkable in it. There is only one other point we may mention which is rather curious. A short time ago Mr. Watt would not have been able to give evidence; nor would Lady Violet Beauchamp, if she had been his wife, as she asserted herself to be by a Register Office marriage, have been able to go into the witness-box. So that there might have been no witnesses for the defence at all. Their evidence has not had the effect which might have been expected, though the case was one particularly within the mischief which the Act was intended to remedy. Yet it would have been still more unsatisfactory if all evidence for the defence had been excluded as it would have been before the Evidence Act.

THE CITY.

THE incident of the week has been the spasm of uneasiness which passed over the money market on Monday and Tuesday. The bank managers and other pundits who guide the chariot of "la haute finance" in London are undoubtedly very able men, but, like all clever and imaginative persons, they are subject to attacks of nerves. They whose business is to maintain the position of the Bank of England and to provide money for the Stock Exchange and provincial traders are so constantly brooding over the problem of the supply of money, that they may be pardoned if they are occasionally seized with a mild panic. On Monday and Tuesday, after some baddish news from Russia, the talk of the high-fliers of finance was very gloomy, even panicky. A great deal of German and French money is at present employed in London: if things went worse in Russia these moneys would be called in by Paris and Berlin: the position of our own Bank was of the weakest: the Bank rate would certainly be raised on Thursday; and so on and so forth. Indeed one croaker went so far as to assert that we were on the brink of another Baring crisis, which nothing could avert but the greatest caution and conservatism. It is very difficult to trace these vaticinations, still more difficult to ascertain their foundation. No house of first-rate magnitude, like the Barings in 1889, is known to be involved in heavy commitments. It is of course true that in the last five years the big German banks, the Dresden, German, and Disconto Gesellschaft, have opened offices in London, and that they do a large Stock Exchange business for their clients. The withdrawal of their assistance, in other words the closing of their clients' accounts, would undoubtedly produce a very serious slump on the Stock Exchange. But there is no reason to suppose that anything of the kind will happen. Still, there is danger in the Russian situation, not because of the chance of the Russian coupons not being paid—that will not happen for the next six months at any rate—but because German banks hold so many Russian trade bills. Germany, not France, is the weak financial spot on the Continent. Anyway, the financial pessimism of Monday and Tuesday gave way to calmer and clearer counsels on Wednesday and Thursday. The Bank rate was not raised; and it is now evident that until the New Year money will be somewhat of a drug. It is however considered that we shall not be "out of

the wood" till about the middle of January, and that for the first fortnight of 1906 money will be, not unobtainable, but dear.

The clearing away of the alarmist clouds on Wednesday evening had a perceptible effect on the markets, especially on gilt-edged securities. The position in America seems as strong as ever, and the strength of Union Pacifics seems unassailable. Unions, after relapsing in the early days of the week to 147, recovered sharply to 152. Canadian Pacifics are having a rest, and remain almost stationary on either side of 178, so that this is probably a good time to buy them. Chesapeakes are strongly "tipped" at 56 for a rise to 70, and Steel commons and Baltimores will probably be taken in hand after the New Year. Southern Pacifics have again disappointed their numerous backers, as judging by the report the dividend will again be passed.

In the Argentine railway market, there has been quite a little sensation in Argentine Great Westerns, which moved sharply up to 132, and relapsed almost as quickly to 127. It was definitely stated in the market that the agreement for the amalgamation of this line with the Buenos Ayres and Pacific had been signed, and the exact terms were known to certain jobbers. We ventured last week to hazard the opinion that all this was a little "previous", and we were right. The negotiations had gone pretty far, but they are now as definitely "off" as they were "on", thanks to the eagerness of certain operators to take time by the forelock. Argentine Great Westerns at 127 are about 10 points too high on intrinsic merits. Anyone who wishes to go in for a speculative gamble in this market should buy Entre Rios Ordinary which, barring locusts and other untoward accidents, might easily be hoisted to 60.

Wonders never cease. Buyers have actually appeared in the West African market. Gold Coast Amalgamated have risen nearly 10 per cent. and Taquah and Abossos have added $\frac{3}{4}$ to their market price. Taquah and Abossos stood at 5 during the boom, and as this is a really good property we should not be surprised to see these shares at 3 before long. We do not like the "shop" which owns this mine, but still gold is gold. We understand that the shareholders of Sekondi and Tarkwa, whose shares are unsaleable but may be bought for 1s., have preferred finding fresh capital to winding-up, which looks well. Of all the mining swindles of recent years the West African boom strikes us as having been the worst. Why the directors of some of these wild-cat companies are not being sued we cannot imagine. But some of the so-called mines undoubtedly have gold, and money is to be made in this market by those who know the right shares to pick up at present prices.

The meeting of the Pekin Syndicate was very successful, and disclosed the possession of £1,000,000 in cash and Chinese Government Railway bonds, besides enormous deposits of coal. For coal there is always a growing demand in the East. Mr. Carl Meyer talked of a possible unification of the different denominations of shares, and hinted that if anybody had to suffer by such a scheme, it must be the holders of the deferred 1s. shares, now standing at £190, and having been £250. There has been a very heavy fall in Pekin Ordinaries from £25 to £15, and they would seem to be a good purchase at their present price. Shansis have dropped from 24s. to 17s. 6d., and as in any unification scheme they can hardly be taken at less than par, there cannot be much risk in acquiring them below par.

INSURANCE COMPANIES AS BANKERS.

THE Commercial Union has recently issued a circular, formerly published by the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Society, an office which the Commercial Union purchased. The circular relates to the acceptance of money on deposit. The capital can be withdrawn at any time on giving six months' notice, or it can be left with the company until the death of the investor. Interest is guaranteed at the rate of £3 7s. 6d. per cent. per annum, and at death or withdrawal the capital is repaid in full. The "Economist" comments adversely

upon this scheme; it points out that while perfectly safe for the investors it is difficult to see how it can be advisable or profitable for the company. Banks could not accept deposits on such terms, and the question is asked how it is that some ten bank directors on the Board of the Commercial Union can promise depositors a better return from the insurance office than they could from the banks.

We may throw some light upon the subject by considering the exact nature of the transaction. If a man has £1,000 to invest he can pay, say £400 as a single premium to secure £1,000 for his estate at death, and can use the remaining £600 to buy an annuity for life of £33 15s. per annum. In this way he secures an immediate income at the rate of £3 7s. 6d. per cent. per annum and the return of £1,000 to his estate when he dies. By buying the Life policy from one office and the annuity from another the interest upon his investment may be increased to as much as £3 14s. per cent. per annum. It is therefore obvious that with quite ordinary policies and annuities there is no difficulty in paying interest at the rate of £3 7s. 6d. per cent.; the return is in fact a low one rather than a high one.

When a Life policy is effected by a single premium the surrender value of the policy very soon becomes larger than the single premium originally paid. In the ordinary way, however, no surrender value attaches to annuities, but if the policy and the annuity are both bought from the same company the office can well afford to give a surrender value for the annuity. Under the policy contract the office may be said to gain if the man lives long, and under the annuity contract it may be said to gain if he dies soon. The one chance may be set off against the other and a surrender value be given which amounts to the original cost of both the policy and the annuity.

We have seen that interest at the rate of £3 7s. 6d. may be obtained by the usual policy and annuity contracts of insurance companies, and the only question which remains is whether the chance of the withdrawal of the money, or in other words the surrender of the policy and annuity contracts, is of such a nature as to be likely to inconvenience the financial arrangements of the office. We cannot see that it is, in spite of the opinion of the "Economist" to the contrary. Every Life policy is liable to be surrendered and to call for an immediate cash payment, and money on deposit under the scheme we are considering is still more likely to be withdrawn. Normally, however, money invested in this way would be regarded as a permanent security, and the total amount received under this scheme is sure to be small in proportion to the total business of the office. It seems therefore that the chance of serious inconvenience arising from the surrender of such a contract is extremely small.

It pays an insurance company to sell policies on ordinary terms; it also pays to sell annuities on ordinary terms, and as the combination of the two contracts yields the investor fully as much as the interest guaranteed by the Commercial Union it must pay the company to issue the policy and annuity together and to guarantee the rate of interest which results. The only unusual feature about the system is that a surrender value attaches to the annuity, as well as to the policy, and we have seen that this is quite appropriate when a policy and an annuity on the same life are issued by one company. This arrangement illustrates very happily the unexpected and advantageous results which can be obtained by taking two or more different insurance policies.

PRAYER.

BY LEO TOLSTOY.

Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.—Matt. vi. 8.

"NO, no and no! It cannot be. . . . Doctor! Can't you really do anything? Why are you all silent?"

Thus spoke a young mother coming out with sharp resolute steps from the nursery where her three-year-old boy—her first and only one—was dying from water on the brain.

Her husband and the doctor, who had been talking with lowered voice, became silent. The husband timidly approached her, tenderly touched her dishevelled head with his hand and gave a deep sigh. The doctor stood with bent head, indicating by his silence and stillness the hopelessness of the case.

"It can't be helped", said the husband—"it can't be helped, dear. . . ."

"Oh, don't say that, don't say that!" she rebukingly exclaimed, as if resentfully, and quickly turned and went back to the nursery.

The husband wished to detain her.

"Katia! Don't go. . . ."

Without answering she glanced at him with her big tired eyes, and entered the nursery.

The boy was lying on the nurse's arm with a white pillow put under his head. His eyes were open, but he was not looking with them. From his compressed little mouth there bubbled foam. The nurse with a severe solemn countenance was gazing somewhere beyond his face and did not move when the mother entered. When the mother came quite close to her and slipped her hand under the pillow, to take the child, the nurse softly said: "He is passing!" and turned away from the mother. But the mother did not heed her, and with a deft accustomed movement, took the child into her arms. The boy's long curly hair became entangled. She put it straight and looked into his face.

"No, I cannot", she whispered, and with a quick but careful movement, returned him to the nurse and went out of the room.

It was the second week the child was ailing. Throughout the whole illness the mother several times a day had passed from despair to hope. During all this time she had hardly slept an hour and a half a day. All this while, several times a day, she repeatedly retired into her bedroom, placed herself in front of the big ikon of the Saviour in its gold setting, and prayed God to save her boy. The dark-faced Saviour held in his dark little hand a gilded book on which was written in black: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Standing before this ikon, she used to pray, putting all the power of her soul into her prayer, and although in the depth of her being, even during her prayer, she felt she would not move the mountain, and that God would act not according to her, but according to Himself, she still prayed, recited the usual prayers and her own she improvised and expressed aloud with especial fervour.

Now that she understood the child had died, she felt that something had happened in her head—as if something had detached itself and was whirling round and round, and upon entering her bedroom she looked around at her things with astonishment, as if she did not recognise the place. Then she lay down on the bed, falling with her head not on the pillow, but on her husband's folded dressing-gown, and she lost consciousness.

And lo! in her sleep she sees her Kostia, strong and merry, with his curly hair and little thin white neck, sitting on his small armchair, dangling his tiny legs with their fat calves, and with pouting lips, carefully seating his doll of a boy on a cardboard horse with one leg a-missing, and a hole in its back.

"How well it is that he is alive", she thinks, "and how cruel that he died. Why should he? Could God to whom I have prayed so much allow him to die? Of what use is this to God? Was he in anyone's way? Does not God know that all my life is in him and that I cannot live without him? And suddenly to take and torment this poor dear innocent being and shatter my life, and to answer all my supplications by letting his eyes become fixed, his body outstretched cold and stiff". And again she sees him. He draws near. Such a little creature passing through such a high door, swinging his arms like grown-up people. And he looks and smiles. . . . "The darling! And he it is that God wished to torment and kill! Why then pray to Him if He can commit such horrors?"

And suddenly Matryosha, the nurse's young helper, begins to say something very strange. The mother knows it is Matryosha and yet she is at the same time

both Matryosha and an angel. "But if she is an angel, why has she no wings on her back?" thinks the mother. However, she recalls to mind that someone—she does not remember who, but someone trustworthy—had told her that now sometimes angels are without wings. And the angel Matryosha says: "You are wrong, ma'am, to be offended with God. He can't possibly listen to everyone. People often ask such things that if they were granted to one, another must be hurt. Now at this moment, all over Russia prayers are being uttered, and by what sort of men? The greatest bishops, monks in cathedrals, in churches over the relics of saints—all are praying that God should grant victory over the Japanese. But can this be right? One should not pray for this, besides He cannot satisfy everyone. The Japanese are also praying that they should conquer. But He, our Father, is only one. What is He to do? What is He to do, ma'am?" says Matryosha.

"Yes, this is so. It is the old story. Even Voltaire said the same. All know this and all say it. I am not speaking of this. But why can't He grant a request when I ask not for something harmful, but only that my dear boy should not be allowed to die. I cannot live without him", said the mother, and she feels him embracing her with his plump little arms, and with her body she feels his warm little body. "It is well that did not happen", she thinks.

"And this is not all, ma'am", Matryosha goes on, importuning her, as inconsequently as usual—"this is not all. It may happen that only one asks and yet God cannot possibly do what He desires. We know this well. I know it because I convey the messages", says Matryosha the angel, in exactly the same voice in which yesterday when her mistress sent her to the master she said to the nurse: "I know that the master is at home, because I conveyed the message".

"How often have I had to convey", says Matryosha, "that here is a good man—for the most part a young man desirous of help that he may not commit evil deeds, may not get drunk, may not be licentious, but is anxious that vice should be pulled out of him like a splint".

"How well Matryosha is speaking", thinks the mistress.

"But he cannot possibly do this, for each must exert himself. Only exertion profits. You yourself, ma'am, gave me the tale about the black hen to read. There it is related how in return for his having saved her life, a black hen gave a boy such a magic hemp-seed, that while it lay in his trouser-pocket he knew all his lessons without learning them, and how owing to this same seed he quite gave up learning and lost his memory. He, the Father, cannot take evil out of men. And they should not ask Him to do this, but should themselves pull it out, wash it out, root it out from themselves."

"From where has she got this manner of speech?" thinks the mistress, and says:

"Still, Matryosha, you are not answering my question."

"Give me time and I will say everything" says Matryosha. "It also happens that I convey the message that a family is ruined and not by its own fault, that all are weeping and sharing a room instead of living in a comfortable house, that they even have no tea, and that they pray for help of some kind. And again He cannot possibly do as they wish for He knows that it is for their good. They do not see it but He, the Father, knows that if they lived in ease they would be jolly well spoilt!"

"That is true", thinks the lady, "but why does she express herself in such a vulgar way about God? 'Jolly well' . . . That's not at all right. I will certainly tell her so when the proper opportunity offers."

"But it is not about that I am asking", again repeats the mother. "I ask why and wherefore did this God of yours wish to take my boy away from me?" And the mother sees her Kostia alive before her and listens to his peculiar dear childish laugh, sonorous as a bell. "Why did they take him from me? If God could have done this He is a cruel and

evil God and He is altogether unnecessary and I don't want to know Him."

But what is this! Matryosha is no longer Matryosha at all, but is some kind of a completely different, new, strange, indistinct being, and this being speaks not with its mouth aloud but in some special way right within the mother's heart.

"You piteous, blind and arrogant creature", says the being, "you see your Kostia such as he was a week ago with his strong elastic little limbs and his long curling hair and his ingenuous affectionate and sensible talk. But was he always such? There was a time when you rejoiced at his pronouncing 'Mama and Baba' and distinguishing who is who; and before that you were delighted at his standing up and at his softly running with tottering steps to the chair; and yet earlier you were all-delighted at his crawling about the room like a little animal; and yet before you rejoiced that he recognised persons, that he held up his little bald head with its little palpitating crown, and yet earlier you were delighted that he took the breast and pressed it with his toothless gums. And even before that you rejoiced that he, all red and not yet separated from you, screamed, pitifully opening his lungs. And still a year earlier, where was he when he did not exist at all? You all think that you are stationary and that you and those you love should always remain such as they are now. But you are not stationary for one minute, you all flow like a river, all fly like a stone downwards towards death, which sooner or later awaits all of you. Then how do you not understand that if out of nothing he became what he was, then he could not have stopped and could not have remained for one minute such as he was when he died; but as out of nothing he became a suckling, out of a suckling—a child, so from a child he would have become a school-boy, a youth, a young man, an adult, middle-aged and old. You do not know what he would have been had he remained alive. But I do know."

Behold! the mother sees in the private room of a restaurant glaringly lighted with electricity (once her husband had taken her to such a place) a table with the remains of supper, and she sees a stout wrinkled, repulsive old man with up-curved moustaches, trying to make himself look young. He is seated deeply in a soft arm-chair and with drunken eyes voraciously staring at a depraved, painted woman with a fat bare neck, and in a drunken voice he keeps shouting out some indecent jest, evidently pleased at the approving laughter of another similar couple.

"It is not true, it is not he, it is not my Kostia!" exclaims the mother with horror looking at the nasty old man so horrible, precisely because in his gaze—in his lips—there is something peculiar reminding her of Kostia. It is well this is a dream, thinks she. Here is the true Kostia. And she sees the white little naked Kostia with his plump breast sitting in his bath roaring with laughter and kicking up his legs, she not only sees but feels him suddenly catching hold of her arm uncovered up to the elbow and kissing it and finally biting it not knowing what more he can do with the arm so dear to him.

"Yes, this is Kostia and not that dreadful old man", she says to herself. And with these words she awakes and with horror recognises the reality from which there is no awakening.

She goes into the nursery. The nurse has already washed and dressed Kostia. With wax-like and shrunken little nose, with hollows by the nostrils, and with hair flattened down from the forehead he is lying on some elevation. Candles are burning around, and on a little table behind his head are standing white, lilac, and pink hyacinths. The nurse gets up from her chair and raising her brows and pursing her lips looks at the immovable stone-like little face turned upwards. From another door opposite the mother, Matryosha enters with her good-natured simple face and tear-marked eyes.

"How is it she told me one should not grieve and yet she has herself been crying", thinks the mother and she again turns her eyes to the body. For one moment she is struck and repelled by a dreadful resemblance between the little dead face and the face of the old man she saw in her dream, but she casts off this

thought and crossing herself touches the cold little wax forehead with her warm lips, then she kisses the folded cold hands and suddenly the smell of the hyacinths appears to tell her something new about his being no longer and never more to be, and she is choked with sobs and once more kisses him on the forehead and for the first time she weeps, she weeps not with hopeless, but with submissive and contrite tears. It hurts her but she is no longer rebellious, does not complain, but knows that what has happened should have happened and is therefore good.

"It is a sin, lady, to weep", says the nurse and approaching the little corpse she wipes with a folded handkerchief the mother's tears which had fallen on Kostia's waxen forehead.—Tears will oppress his little soul. He is happy.—A sinless little angel. Had he lived who knows what might have happened?"

"That is so. That is so, but still it hurts, it hurts!" says the mother.

Translated by V. TCHERTKOFF.

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LA SEPARATION DE L'ÉGLISE ET DE L'ÉTAT EN FRANCE.

PAR suite de la loi qui a prononcé la séparation entre l'Eglise et l'Etat, les catholiques français se trouveront aux prises avec des difficultés nombreuses et diverses. Celles-ci présentent principalement trois aspects : 1, la question d'argent ; 2, la lutte contre le sécularisme absolu, qui se sert du gouvernement et de toutes les administrations publiques ; 3, l'acquisition d'habitudes nouvelles pour s'adapter au milieu que la séparation va créer.

Les deux premières catégories de difficultés existent depuis longtemps et elles sont déjà considérables ; mais elles vont encore se développer. Ainsi, par exemple, depuis vingt-cinq années, les catholiques paient deux fois le budget de l'enseignement. Jusqu'à l'entrée en scène du ministère Combes, tout en acquittant l'impôt destiné à l'instruction officielle, ils supportaient encore la charge de treize mille écoles primaires congréganistes. En 1890, on calculait que celles de Paris seulement avaient absorbé, pour leur fondation, 23,300,000 francs et qu'elles coûtaient, chaque année, 2,500,000 francs. Tous les diocèses soutenaient la même lutte, selon leurs ressources. Après la destruction des treize mille écoles et la suppression des couvents, il a fallu s'occuper de remplacer les instituteurs et les institutrices congréganistes par des laïques, qui sont payés plus cher.

A ces frais, devenus ordinaires et permanents, vont s'ajouter les dépenses nécessitées par l'entretien du culte. Pour 36,000 curés ou vicaires, l'état fournissait 35 millions de traitements ; pour 90 archevêques ou évêques, 850,000 francs. C'étaient les chiffres principaux. Ces 35 millions, désormais consacrés à servir des pensions ou des secours ecclésiastiques, disparaîtront dans un espace de 28 ans. La diminution pour l'année prochaine sera de 7 millions ; la deuxième année 16, la troisième 17, etc.* Chaque paroisse devra organiser une "association cultuelle," qui se chargera de réunir des ressources, au moyen de cotisations et de quêtes.

Ces associations seront surveillées de très près par le Gouvernement. En leur accordant gratuitement l'usage des églises (dont il s'est déclaré propriétaire), il se réserve le droit de supprimer cette faculté suivant les circonstances. Les complications sont dès maintenant prévues et, en quelque sorte, préparées. Ainsi on s'attend à ce que des associations dites cultuelles et fondées sous l'influence de libres-penseurs provoquent la discorde et la rivalité à propos de l'usage de telle ou telle église. Alors, le gouvernement interviendra ; et le tribunal civil pourra attribuer l'église à des citoyens qui se seront groupés autour d'un prêtre révolté contre son évêque. Dans un très grand nombre de cas, le tribunal pourra dissoudre l'association, notamment,

si elle emploie la moindre somme de son fonds de réserve à soutenir une œuvre qui n'aurait pas pour but le culte proprement dit ; par exemple, à subventionner une école. Les principaux auteurs de la séparation n'ont pas dissimulé qu'ils se proposent de placer la religion sous l'autorité de la police et qu'ils espèrent susciter des conflits parmi les catholiques, affaiblir la hiérarchie ecclésiastique et troubler les croyances. N'oublions pas que la majorité du Sénat et de la Chambre est composée de francs-maçons et qu'elle est stimulée par un parti dont le programme a été ainsi rédigé par M. Buisson, l'un des pontifes de la libre-pensée militante : "L'Etat sans Dieu ; l'école sans Dieu ; la mairie sans Dieu ; le tribunal sans Dieu ; la science et la morale sans Dieu. . . La démocratie se prépare à détacher de l'Eglise la nation, les familles, les individus". Ce parti, qui s'est emparé des écoles et des administrations publiques, essaiera d'envahir les associations cultuelles.

Outre l'hostilité du sectarisme libre-penseur, les catholiques subiront encore des complications qui naîtront au milieu d'eux par suite de la nécessité où ils se trouveront d'abandonner leurs vieilles habitudes et d'en contracter de nouvelles.

Depuis le Concordat (1801) ils n'avaient pas à se préoccuper de réunir des fonds en vue de fournir les traitements des curés. Les quêtes qui se faisaient assez souvent pour les frais du culte ne formaient qu'un supplément de recettes, supplément variable et d'ailleurs peu élevé.

Dans les villes, le casuel, c'est-à-dire les honoraires de messes, le tarif des cérémonies de baptême, de mariage et d'enterrement, constituaient la principale ressource du clergé.

Au contraire, dans les campagnes, où les cérémonies sont simples, le prêtre recevait généralement un casuel très faible et parfois devait pourvoir à la plupart de ses dépenses, y compris les aumônes, avec le seul argent que l'Etat lui versait chaque année, soit : 1,200 frcs., ou 1,000 frcs., ou 900 frcs., suivant l'importance de la cure.

Sans trop de difficultés, on trouvera dans les villes le nombre nécessaire de personnes pour que chaque paroisse possède son association cultuelle bien organisée.

Mais parmi le peuple des campagnes, les obstacles se rencontreront en abondance ; et ils seront très lourds dans un grand nombre de localités, surtout au début du nouveau régime. On doit, à cet égard, noter trois faits caractéristiques : 1°, le paysan n'aime pas à encourir une responsabilité, pas plus morale que pécuniaire ; 2°, il n'est pas riche et il tient beaucoup à son argent, qu'il épargne avec une rare ténacité ; 3°, il est, depuis vingt-cinq ans, détourné des croyances et des pratiques religieuses.

La crainte du paysan pour les responsabilités vient d'une humeur défiante, qui semble faire partie de sa nature. Individualiste dans l'âme, il ne comprend rien aux avantages de l'association et montre envers les œuvres collectives une répugnance presque insurmontable. Se rendre solidaire de quelqu'un lui déplaît, au point que s'il est cité devant la justice comme témoin, il cherche à ne pas comparaître ou bien à ne pas déposer d'une manière catégorique. Les prêtres des campagnes ont toujours beaucoup de peine à trouver quelques cultivateurs qui acceptent d'entrer dans le conseil de fabrique, ou conseil de la cure.

Très attaché à son argent, qu'il gagne par de rudes travaux quotidiens, le paysan ne le donne qu'à la dernière extrémité. Un impôt volontaire pour les besoins de l'église lui paraît souvent une charge excessive et inconcevable ; d'autant plus que, là encore, se fera sentir la longue habitude d'avoir toujours vu le curé salarié par l'Etat, comme un fonctionnaire ; et il se laissera volontiers persuader que, désormais, le devoir de payer le curé, si devoir il y a, concerne seulement les gens riches.

Vis-à-vis des croyances et des pratiques religieuses, la disposition d'esprit des paysans français est très complexe. D'abord, elle varie beaucoup selon les régions. Si l'on en jugeait suivant les départements de la Bretagne ou de la Vendée, le Nord ou le Pas de Calais, certains départements du Midi comme l'Aveyron ou les Basses-Pyrénées, l'Auvergne et la Savoie, on devrait conclure que la France rurale est restée

* Le budget des cultes correspondait à une indemnité, partielle, de la confiscation générale décrétée en 1789, confiscation qui absorba les propriétés ecclésiastiques, dont le revenu était évalué à 160 millions.

profondément ou généralement chrétienne. Mais dans d'autres régions, notamment dans le Sud, de Toulouse à Marseille, la majorité des paysans est passionnée pour la libre-pensée. Un autre type se rencontre en beaucoup d'endroits, dans le centre principalement et aux alentours de Paris et, souvent, même dans des arrondissements où les élections favorisent les modérés et les conservateurs : c'est le type de l'homme qui tient à ce que les femmes et les enfants fréquentent l'église et qui, lui, n'y va presque jamais, sauf pour les baptêmes, les mariages et les enterrements. Il considère que l'église fait partie intégrante du village, comme la mairie et l'école. Pour lui, le maire, l'instituteur et le curé composent une espèce de trinité administrative officielle ; et il ne pousse guère plus loin le sentiment religieux. Quelle part de responsabilité et de générosité celui-là voudra-t-il s'imposer en faveur du culte devenu établissement privé ? On peut prévoir qu'elle sera très faible.

Enfin, il faut tenir grand compte de l'influence exercée par l'instruction laïque et par la propagande anti-religieuse sur la nouvelle génération des campagnes. A cet égard, la situation présente est juste le contraire de ce qui existait, il y a soixante ans, sous Louis-Philippe. Alors, les paysans se montraient fermement attachés aux notions et aux habitudes religieuses. C'était dans les villes, surtout parmi les gens riches et instruits, que régnait l'incrédulité. La bourgeoisie, l'aristocratie, la science et la littérature avaient été conquises par l'esprit de Voltaire ; et dans les salons, dans les assemblées politiques, à l'Académie, gentils-hommes, professeurs, écrivains étalaient leur mépris de la foi et devenaient facilement évergumènes et proscriptionnaires. Il n'y avait presque personne pour leur tenir tête. Aujourd'hui, le sens de la liberté, le respect envers la religion, même un attachement sincère se sont réveillés dans ce milieu et continuent d'y progresser. Mais parmi le peuple des campagnes, au contraire, le dommage moral a pris une grande extension. Il est encore plus profond peut-être que parmi les ouvriers ; car ceux-ci ont l'habitude de raisonner. Les paysans, eux, sont les derniers venus à l'incrédulité ; et ils auront besoin d'en subir les déceptions avant de pouvoir être influencés par l'apostolat chrétien. Leur esprit est moins ouvert que celui des ouvriers industriels ; et d'ailleurs ils se sont peu à peu laissé gagner par un brutal et grossier instinct socialiste. Les églises des campagnes supporteront de graves préjudices et devront parfois rester abandonnées. Il faudra que le clergé invente des procédés et des méthodes proportionnés à la crise qui va se développer. Elle sera violente, car le sectarisme libre-penseur prépare un effort suprême. Les prêtres auront l'occasion de dépenser toute l'activité que l'assujettissement au Concordat avait souvent paralysée en eux. Dans les campagnes, ils sont eux-mêmes, en général, les fils de paysans ; et ils ont les qualités d'une race courageuse et forte. Beaucoup, libres enfin d'agir, sont capables de faire des merveilles, malgré les menaces du sectarisme et malgré la misère.

EUGENE TAVERNIER.

THE KELTSIC ARTHUR AND THE HOLY GRAAL.

CHRISTMAS brings back to us Arthur the Emperor. (Let us with his Kymric countrymen call the chief of the Round Table, who won and wore the golden crown of Rome, to whom four-and-twenty asses with burdens of gold and silver brought tribute from the isles of Greece, the Emperor and not the King.) It was on Christmas Day, as old Malory tells us, that in the churchyard of the great Church of London there was seen a "great stone four square, like unto a marble stone, and in the midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stack a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus : Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is right-wise King of England." There it stood that Christmas morn, the sword that only the hand of Pendragon might draw forth. And the season bears with it likewise a memory of that later Christmas morn when the Arthurian bard of the Victorian age dreamed of the

second home-coming of the Emperor in the guise of a "modern gentleman".

The thought of the Arthur of Camelot in nineteenth-century London takes one's breath away. Well was it for Tennyson's peace of mind that the vision lasted not longer. Had it been prolonged say a day he might have heard the Emperor's thoughts on the England of the Manchester School even as the Welsh man-at-arms Rhonabwy heard from the imperial lips certain strictures on the Britain that owned the first Plantagenet as its overlord. For this Welshman dreamed that Iddawc, the son of Mynyddog, led him and his followers over the plain of Argyngroeg as far as the ford of Rhyd y Groes on the Severn. "And for a mile around the ford on both sides of the road, they saw tents and encampments, and there was the clamour of a mighty host. And they came to the edge of the ford, and there they beheld Arthur sitting on a flat island below the ford, having Bedwini the Bishop on one side of him and Gwarthegyd the son of Kaw on the other. Then came they that were with him, and stood before Arthur and saluted him. 'Heaven grant thee good' said Arthur. 'And where, Iddawc, didst thou find these little men?' 'I found them, lord, up yonder on the road.' Then the Emperor smiled. 'Lord', said Iddawc, 'wherefore dost thou laugh?' 'Iddawc', replied Arthur, 'I laugh not : but it pitieth me that men of such stature as these should have this island in their keeping, after the men that guarded it of yore'."

Since the Emperor spoke thus scathingly of the little men of the days of Frederick Barbarossa and Thomas of Canterbury, one almost wonders whether he has read his numberless laureates, and is not tempted to deal with many of them in his resting-places either of Avalon by the Monastery of the White Thorn or of Craig-y-Dinas by the vale of the White Monks, as, we are told, he once dealt with Sir Kay ; that is compose sarcastic englynys at their expense, which should make them leave him alone for the future. For while we may grant that from Chretien and Wolfram to Tennyson and Wagner art and religion have decked the Court of Camelot with ever fairer flowers, Arthur himself has shrunk to the rank of a mere king of joust and tourney, interesting mainly in his domestic troubles. Of his glory as it flashed before the Kymric minstrels of the olden day, one gets only a most partial glimpse in the "Idylls of the King". To see Arthur, as he was first seen, we must look on him not only as the great Emperor, who was worthy to wear the crown of Julius and Constantine, but also as the hero who had passed the shadowy waters to the island where stands the enchanted castle of the other world (Annwn), a castle where they who have passed from earth drink of the bright wine, and yet sorrow for their captivity among the faeries. Thither he went on a pagan graal quest to bring back the magic cauldron of inspiration and life. Not he, the Arthur who sat moralising in his halls of Camelot, while his knights were "lost in the quagmire". Of this let Taliesin, who was one of the few who returned with the Emperor victorious from the magic quest speak—

"In Caer Pedryvan four times revolving ?

The first word from the cauldron, when it was spoken ?

By the breath of nine maidens it was gently warmed ? Is it not the cauldron of the chief of Annwn ? What is its fashion ?

A rim of pearls is round its edge.

It will not cook the food of a coward or one forsworn.

And before the door of the gate of Uffern the lamp was burning,

When we went with Arthur—a splendid labour !

Except seven none returned from Caer Vedwyd" (i.e. the kingly castle).

To name in the same breath the cauldron of Annwn and the Holy Graal "clothed in white samite mystic wonderful" sounds sacrilege, yet scholars have plainly traced how under the inspiration of a purer religion the dream of the cauldron of inspiration and life, the cauldron that would not cook the food of the coward or perjurer, deepened into the vision of the holy sacra-

mental vessel of Joseph of Arimathæa, that held the Saviour's blood which only the pure in heart might behold. For the old Keltic mythology died a gentle death, melting softly away into the faith of the saints and singers of the knightly years and leaving its traces even in the sweetest of Malory's pages. For when the Holy Graal came to Camelot "all the hall was filled with good odours" and the keeper of the Graal was no other than King Pelles, who is in sooth Pwyll the lord of the Keltic other world, the lord of Annwn. Let us do all homage to the maiden knight Sir Galahad, the glorious creation of the poetry of the cloister. Only be it remembered that to the Kymric singers of old, Arthur and Galahad were one.

To think of the Graal is to think not only of Galahad, but of Percevale, or as his countrymen called him Peredur or Peredyr of the long lance. And his name recalls to us how through the misunderstanding of Arthur's native tongue by the later singers on the Round Table, the Emperor has been robbed of the presence of his true friend in his last hours among mortal men. We all of us know how after the stricken field of Lyonesse, or, as the Welsh call it, of Camlan, the bold Sir Bedivere (of whom up to this time we have heard naught) flung at the Emperor's behest the brand Excalibur into the lonely mere whence there came an arm and a hand above the water that caught and vanished away with the good brand. Now in truth this Sir Bedivere was, as the latest Welsh historian has proved, Percevale himself. The name Bedivere comes from the Welsh word Pedyr and the foreigner did not know that Pedyr is only the short Peredyr. It lends a new touch of poetry to the passing of Arthur to think that as the barge with the weeping queens wafted the Emperor away into the realms of shadow the only mortal eyes that marked the mystic scene were eyes that had rested on the Holy Graal.

Let us hope that the poet of the days to be will refrain from following in the track of the Morte D'Arthur and the Idylls and painting Percevale in the colours of Galahad. Let him show him rather as the gentle gallant cavalier who said "I was thinking of the lady whom best I love and thus was she brought to my mind. I was looking upon the snow and the raven and the drops of blood of the bird that the hawk had killed upon the snow and I bethought me that her whiteness was like that of the snow, and that the blackness of her hair and eyebrows was like that of the raven and that the two red spots upon her cheeks were like two drops of blood". Let this poet, indeed, send Percevale forth as of yore to seek and to find the Graal: but let him not lay our gentle knight by Galahad's grave, in the hermitage of Sarras, but bring him back from the Castle of Marvels to stand by the Emperor in the last weird hour on Camlan field.

And in conclusion let us remember that to honour Arthur is to honour the cromlechs and stones that record his prowess. Centuries ago, when for the moment it seemed that the wheel had "come full circle" and that Welshmen under Owen Glyndwr were about to wrest Arthur's land from the Saxon grip, Bretons and Frenchmen who had come to fight under the Red Dragon marched many a league from their path to do homage to the grandest of all Arthur's memorials, the great cromlech on the lonely coast of sea-washed Gower. Let us think of those old pilgrims, and remember that Arthur's cromlechs are the special glory of Britain, and will give her immortal fame even if her empire passes away.

But this is Christmas time and never more than now do we feel the truth of the old Keltic verse

"Unwise the thought—a grave for Arthur".

No! Arthur is neither dead nor sleeping. He is keeping his Christmas in his faery castle with Percevale and Kay and Gawaine, while Gwenevre and her maidens are at needlework by the window. Let us hope that when the knife is in the meat and the wine is in the horn and Gwelwyd Gavaelvawr is acting as porter to welcome guests and strangers and to receive them with honour the Emperor has a kindly thought to spare for the little people who have in their keeping the island which his brand Excalibur guarded of yore.

LES LACS. NORTH AFRICA.

O great green lakes, your green lips flecked with foam;
What cavern under earth has spued you from its home,
What desert monster's joints have melted to form you,
O great green lakes.

Around, the shadowed hills, the arid land,
Slow-driven camels cross your broken shores of sand;
Your broken shores a-crumble under their soft tread,
O great green lakes.—

Upon the tufted scrub the nomad's douar,
Your brackish waters cannot rise to wash the floor
Where on his grass mat each man sits and fasts and waits,
O great green lakes.

Waits for the sun to set, and stain with light
With silver streaks your green, the calm of coming night,
Then will he singing rise, and eat, his prayers out-worn
For Allah's grace.

What prayer for you, what curse has Heaven set
On your green wind-lashed waves, your sudden waste of wet;
For waters, like veiled women, hide their charmer's face
In desert lands.

To endless fury—endless sob and sigh,
No flaming sun at noon may kiss your poor tears dry,
This on the Night of Destiny the Voice decreed,
O great green lakes.

R. E. FYFFE.

NOT A DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

THE club-room looked very like the auditorium of a music-hall. Indeed, that is what it must once have been. But now there were tiers of benches on the stage; and on these was packed a quarter or so of the members and their friends. The other three quarters or so were packed opposite the proscenium and down either side of the hall. And in the middle of this human oblong was a raised platform, roped around. Therefrom, just as I was ushered to my bench, a stout man in evening dress was making some announcement. I did not catch its import; but it was loudly applauded. The stout man—most of the audience, indeed, seemed to have put on flesh—bowed himself off, and disappeared from my ken in the clouds of tobacco-smoke that hung about the hall. Almost immediately, two young people, nimbly insinuating themselves through the rope fence, lept upon the platform. One was a man of about twenty years of age; the other, a girl of about seventeen. She was very pretty; he was very handsome; both were becomingly dressed, with evident aim at attractiveness. They proceeded to opposite corners of the platform. At a signal from someone, they advanced to the middle; and each made a hideous grimace at the other. The grimace, strange in itself, was stranger still in the light of what followed. For the young man began to make passionate protestations of love, to which the girl responded with equal ardour. The young man fell to his knees, the girl raised him, and clung to his breast. His language became more and more lyrical, his eyes more and more ecstatic. Suddenly in the middle of a

pretty sentence, in which his love was likened to a flight of doves, a bell rang; whereat, not less abruptly, the couple separated, retiring to the aforesaid corners of the platform and sinking back on their chairs with every manifestation of fatigue. Their friends or attendants, however, rallied round them, counselling them, cooling them with fans, heartening them to fresh endeavour; and when, at the end of a minute, the signal was sounded for a second tryst, the two young people seemed fresher and more eager than ever. This time, most of the love-making was done by the girl; the young man joyously drinking in her words, and now and then interpolating a few of his own. There were four trysts in all, with three intervals for recuperation. At the fourth sound of the bell, the lovers, stepping asunder, repeated their hideous mutual grimace, and disappeared from the platform as suddenly as they had come. Their place was soon taken by another, a more mature, and heavier, but not less personable, couple, who proceeded to make love in their own somewhat different way. The lyrical notes seemed to be missing in them. But maturity, though it had stripped away magic, had not blunted their passion—had, rather, sharpened the edge of it, and made it a stronger and more formidable weapon. Throughout the evening, indeed, in the long succession that there was of amorous encounters, it seemed to be the encounters of mature couples that excited in the smoke-laden audience the keenest interest. It was evidently not etiquette to interrupt the lovers while they were talking; but, whenever the bell sounded, there was a frantic outburst of sympathy, straight from the heart; and sometimes, even while a love-scene was proceeding, this or that stout gentleman would snatch the cigar from his lips and emit a heart-cry. Now and again, it seemed to be thought that the lovers were insufficiently fervid—were but dallying with passion; and then there were stentorian grunts of disapproval and hortation. I did not gather that the audience itself was composed mainly of active lovers. I guessed that the greater number consisted of men who do but take an active interest in other people's love affairs—men who, vigilant from a detached position, have developed in themselves an extraordinarily sound critical knowledge of what is due to Venus. "*Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment*", I murmured; "*chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie*". And wise are ye who, immune from all love's sorrow, win incessant joy in surveying Cythara through telescopes. "*Suave mari magno*", I murmured. And this second tag caused me to awake from my dream, shivering.

A strange dream? Yet a parallel reality had inspired it. I had been taken overnight—my first visit—to a certain club where glove-fights are frequent.

The instinct to fight, like the instinct to love, is a quite natural instinct. To fight and to love are the primary instincts of primitive man. I know that people with strongly amorous natures are not trained and paid to make love ceremoniously, in accordance to certain rules laid down for them by certain authorities, and for the delectation of highly critical audiences. But, if this custom prevailed, it would not seem to me stranger than the custom of training and paying pugnacious people to hit one another on the face and breast, with the greatest possible skill and violence, for the delectation of highly critical audiences. I do not say that a glove-fight is in itself a visually disgusting exhibition. I saw no blood spilt, the other night, and no bruises expressed, by either the "heavy-weights" or the "light-weights". I dare say, too, that the fighters enjoy their profession, on the whole. But I contend that it is a very lamentable profession, in that it depends on the calculated prostitution of good natural energies. A declaration of love prefaced by a grimace, such as I saw in my dream, seems to me not one whit more monstrous than a violent onslaught prefaced by a hand-shake. If two men are angry with each other, let them fight it out (provided I be not one of them) in the good old English fashion, by all means. But prize-fighting is to be deplored as an offence against the soul of man. And this offence is committed, not by the fighters themselves, but by us soft and sedentary gentlemen who set them on to fight. Looking back at ancient Rome, no one blames the poor gladiators in the

arena. Everyone reserves his pious horror for the citizens in the amphitheatre. Yet how are we superior to them? Are we not even as they—suspended at exactly their point between barbarism and civilisation? In course of time, doubtless, the "ring" will die out. For either we shall become so civilised that we shall not rejoice in the sight of violence and pain, or we shall relapse into barbarism and go into the mauling business on our own account. Our present stage—the stage of our transition—is not pretty; not pretty at all.

MAX BEERBOHM.

OPERA AND MR. CHARLES MANNERS.

NO excuse need be made for returning again and again to the subject of a national opera. Unless it is kept constantly before the public it will get no furrader; whereas, with Mr. Manners hard at work *doing* things, the trifling aid of twenty-six articles a year in the weeklies and a hundred in the dailies may result in the establishment of a permanent opera at any moment during the next two hundred years or so. The slackness of things musical at the present time affords me an opportunity of pointing out what has already been done, the obstacles, and the possibilities of the immediate future. Nothing of any real importance has happened in the concert world of late with the exception of Busoni's magnificent Chopin recital on Tuesday afternoon; but I have written so often and so lengthily on Busoni's playing that there is little left for me to say. There is so little else going that a writer in a Sunday contemporary was constrained to give an account of the disappearance of a pianist in Russia, although that pianist, Godovsky, had returned some weeks before to the bosom of his family in Paris. I don't greatly care to risk such disasters, so shall say nothing about missing artists, Kubelik's portrait nor Paderewski's toothache, but confine myself to a matter of which I do happen to know something.

Up to now, then, practically nothing has been done, unless talking and the making of offers count. Mr. Manners has made a very handsome offer to the nation, and the nation appears in no particular hurry to accept it. Parliament is further than ever from doing anything; National opera is a plank in the platform of neither Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, nor Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The Academies have not eagerly rushed to help Mr. Manners to carry out a scheme which will result in the loss of any power and authority they now possess. No library-building millionaires have expressed a desire to build a "Carnegie" or "Passmore Edwards" or "Tate" opera-house. Most of us are sitting like Mr. Micawber, waiting for something to turn up. Those who could give the necessary money won't, and those who wish to give it have not got it to give. Meantime, at the Illit. Soc. Mus. and elsewhere papers are being read and speeches pronounced to prove the rapid improvement of musical taste in this country. So be it. Let us learn to tolerate and even like dry counterpoint and correct harmony; let us pin our faith to the past and regard Mendelssohn as quite a daring young man and dread the moderns; let us go on singing the "Messiah" and "Elijah"; let our sons and daughters bring home their sheaves of diplomas and certificates (chiefly at half-a-crown a time)—so shall we persuade ourselves that we are becoming a musical nation and be happy. But the fact will remain that continental nations will continue to stare at us in wonderment and stuff cotton wool in their ears when our prize festival cantatas are performed.

What is the use of pretending not to be apathetic when we obviously *are* apathetic? What is the use of pretending to be musical when we neglect the most modern form of musical art? The whole thing is bunkum and hypocrisy. I do not believe Mr. Manners would need four figures to set down the amount that has been promised him; and it is becoming more and more plain that the work will have to be done by the municipalities. If the municipalities can do nothing, we can expect nothing from royalty. Indeed, as I urged in a former article, we do not want royalty to interfere. Other arts have prospered very well without royalty and music must not be its victim. One of the

dangers of trusting to it is clearly shown by the following excerpt which someone has kindly sent me :—

... The death of the Prince Consort was a fatal blow to the above Company. Her Majesty and the Prince constantly encouraged them by their presence, occasionally visiting the theatre twice a week. The Royal box was always retained by them, and the Prince, at a State concert at Windsor Castle, had promised Miss Pyne that if the performances could be continued a certain time influence should be used to bring the matter before Parliament, to obtain a subsidy for national opera from the Government. At the Prince's death there was a command that the Royal box should be draped with *crêpe*, which gave a gloomy, funereal appearance to the house, and seriously affected the receipts. No one cared to frequent a place of amusement that was in mourning.*

A pretty thing it would be if a modern opera-house was forced to close its doors owing to the death of a prince! There is nothing for the present but to wait, and the critics to go on talking, and Mr. Manners to go on doing.

For Mr. Manners has been doing something, and though it is true, as I have said, that no definite step has been taken to get a national or even a municipal house raised, yet in the long run we shall see that his work counts for more than any other influence. Take, for example, his two travelling companies. Certainly, it is only a week here and a week there; but those who have lived in the provinces will understand the enormous difference those weeks mean in the lives of the musically disposed. To give an instance, the reader's very humble servant would never have heard an opera till he had reached years of indiscretion but for the visits of the Carl Rosa Company, and would probably now be listening cheerfully to "Judas" and "S. Paul" in the fond belief that they were the latest things in music. At the present day there must be thousands of students in like case, and the Moody-Manners' companies' visits should be invaluable to them, especially as the performances of to-day are infinitely better than those that were of my time. Perhaps Mr. Manners' biggest undertaking is the operatic festival to be held in Sheffield in the week beginning February 29 of next year. I am no lover of festivals: they tend to make people splash away in one week the money that would be better spread over a whole year; and they are especially a nuisance where the money is spent on production of worthless works that are rarely heard again. But this Sheffield affair is different; it gives the people of Sheffield an opportunity of hearing and seeing for once approximately perfect renderings of some of the masterpieces of opera. This is what we seldom have an opportunity of doing even in London; and certainly no such opportunity would have been granted to Sheffield but for the generosity and enterprise of Messrs. Charles Manners and T. Walter Hill. The week's programme includes "Siegfried" and "Tristan", Tschaikowsky's "Eugene Onegin", "Lohengrin", and a "new opera by Mr. Nicholas Gatty". Who Mr. Nicholas Gatty is I have not the pleasure of knowing, but I hope his opera will be worth producing. The chorus will number one hundred and the band will be in proportion; all the Moody-Manners' best principals will be there, with perhaps a few outside people brought in specially. The only pity is that the thing cannot be arranged to take place at first twice a year and afterwards more frequently. In any case I hope Mr. Hill and those associated with him will not be satisfied with giving Sheffield one week of fine opera per annum: a minimum of thirty weeks of good workmanlike opera is the ideal—it is that way salvation lies.

There is one point on which I mean to harp for some time—that is the voracity and vanity of the principal singers. Most artists seem to have chosen as their vocation in life the exercise of the art of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. If the takings of an opera undertaking are good they immediately clamour for larger salaries; they offer to make no reduction if the takings fall. Any small extra profit they regard as theirs by right; they know no gratitude; their vanity is so excessive that they claim more from the management than the management can pay, simply to be able

to boast of gaining more than their rivals. With the rarest of exceptions they do not know the meaning of the word loyalty. The result of it all is that enterprise after enterprise makes shipwreck through no one's fault but the singers'. Thus it is in England; thus it is abroad. Abroad I have almost lived in the opera house for months at a stretch, and know that but for municipal support in many cases the singers would have brought about disaster. In England they are frequently more successful in depriving themselves, their colleagues and the chorus and band of a livelihood; and I have known them glory in it. I swear that some day I will publish authenticated figures showing what some singers tried to get and what they actually took. Apart from the pecuniary question, their other demands are frightfully exorbitant and should be refused with all possible rudeness. However, let us hope that Mr. Manners' scheme will not be injured by this sort of ridiculous nonsense. The singers have had things all their own way for some time: their turn has now come, in a sense unpleasant for them.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

BRIDGE.

"AUCTION BRIDGE."

A CAPITAL game for three players, which will be found much more interesting than either cut-throat or dummy bridge, is "auction bridge". The game is played as follows :—

The three players cut for deal. The one who cuts the lowest card deals first, the one who cuts the next lowest sitting on his left, and the other on his right. The dealer looks at his cards, and is obliged to make a declaration of some sort, he has no option of passing the call. If he declares No Trumps, the game proceeds as in cut-throat bridge, but if he makes any lower call, the second hand, that is, the player on his left, can make any higher declaration, and the third player can again over call the second player's declaration, No Trumps being of course the highest call. The player who makes the highest call takes the dummy and plays against the other two for that hand, exactly as in cut-throat bridge. When the highest caller is other than the dealer, he changes places with the dealer, so as to have the dummy hand opposite to him and the game then proceeds as usual. The player on the declarer's left says "Shall I play?" and if the answer is in the affirmative he leads a card, and the dummy hand is then exposed.

When the first hand is over, the player who originally cut the next lowest card deals for the next hand, and the same process is repeated. The deal goes round in regular order, irrespective of which player has declared the trump for the last hand. The scoring is precisely the same as in cut-throat bridge, any score for tricks that the declarer may make counting to him below the line as in ordinary bridge, but the value of any tricks that he may lose counting to each of his adversaries above the line, not below it. Also, when one player scores a game, his opponents retain any score below the line which they have already made, and such score counts towards their first game. For example, A declares first and scores 12, B declares next and scores 24, then C declares and makes 36, thus winning the first game. A and B still retain their scores of 12 and 24 respectively, and the game now is A 12, B 24, C 0 and a game up. Either adversary may double, but not until the final declaration has been made and until the proper position of the players arranged. As an illustration of the game let us suppose that A, B and C are playing. A cuts the lowest card, B the next lowest, and C the highest. A deals, having B on his left hand and C on his right. A looks at his hand and declares clubs, B declares diamonds, and C declares No Trumps. C and B then change places, B says to A "Shall I play?" and the game proceeds exactly as at cut-throat bridge. There are no new rules to understand and no complications.

The game is simplicity itself, and it will be found to work very smoothly and pleasantly, and to offer infinitely more variety than either cut-throat or dummy bridge, both of which are apt to become a little

* "The Light of Other Days: seen Through the Wrong End of an Opera Glass." By Willert Beale.

monotonous. The only objection to auction bridge is that it entails a good deal of moving about and changing places, but even this could be avoided after a little experience, as there seems no reason why the dummy hand should necessarily be opposite the dealer. It might just as well be on his right or his left, provided that it is clearly understood which is the dummy hand, and the highest declarer could then take possession of it and place it opposite to himself wherever he happened to be sitting.

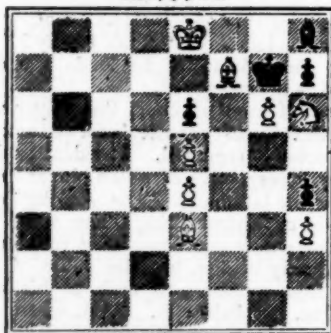
The greater variety in the game will arise from the fact that in many cases the strength of one or two of the hands will be known. Thus, supposing A deals and declares diamonds, B passes, and C declares No Trumps. C and A will change places and B will then have to open the game, but he will have a great advantage in knowing that A, who is his partner for the time being, has strength in the diamond suit. Again, supposing A deals and declares spades, B passes, and the declaration comes round to C. Even if C has a very moderate hand, he will be quite justified in declaring No Trumps, as all the strength must be in the dummy hand. Neither A nor B has been able to declare anything better than spades, and the good cards must be somewhere, so C should go boldly for No Trumps, not on his own hand, but simply on what he expects to find in the dummy. By a somewhat similar process of reasoning, the original dealer, when he is almost certain to be over-called, should declare a suit in which he can win a trick or two, in preference to a longer and better suit. For instance, holding five clubs to queen, 10, and ace, king, and one other spade, he should declare spades and not clubs so as to give his prospective partner information as to what suit to lead up to him.

We strongly recommend the new game to the notice of bridge players who find themselves in the position of having to play a three-handed game. We do not pretend to compare it to ordinary four-handed bridge, but we do not hesitate to say that it is by far the best three-handed game which has, up to the present time, been introduced to the public.

CHESS.

PROBLEM 61. ORIGINAL. By R. COLLINSON.

Black, 5 pieces.



White, 8 pieces.

White to mate in three moves.

PROBLEM 62. By VAN VLIET.—White (3 pieces): K-KR8, Q-KK11, P-KK7. Black (2 pieces): K-KR3, Q-KB3. White to win.

Solutions to above will be duly acknowledged.

KEY TO PROBLEM 59: 1. Q-Kt4.

KEY TO PROBLEM 60: 1. Q-K8.

We give the following game in response to the request of a correspondent for a game at the odds of "Pawn and Two":

REMOVE BLACK'S KING'S BISHOP'S PAWN.

White	Black	White	Black
Harrwitz	Staunton	Harrwitz	Staunton
1. P-K4	—	4. P-Q5	P-Q3
2. P-Q4	P-K3	5. P-B4	Kt-KR3
3. P-QB4	P-B4	6. Kt-KB3	Kt-R3

The disposition of the white pawns in the centre is not so formidable as it looks. Black is enabled to develop his knights via R3 without being subject to the awkward threat of B x Kt.

If instead of moving either one or both bishop's pawns white had developed his pieces, black would have had to contend against a naturally superior development and at the same time worry about the disposition of his own pieces, particularly the knights. The usual Kt-B3 would sooner or later be subject to the advance of P-K5 or P-Q5, and Kt-K2 or Kt-Q2 only obstructs his own pieces. Against these odds it is very tempting to attack. However, the longer it is deferred in favour of bringing the pieces out, the more lasting and more successful is the attack likely to be when once it is initiated.

7. Kt-B3	B-K2	11. P-R3	Kt-KB2
8. P-QR3	Castles	12. B-K3	Kt-B2
9. B-Q3	B-R5 ch	13. Q-B2	P-K4
10. P-Kt3	B-K2		

Besides giving black additional mobility for his own pieces this move cramps white considerably. Only by tortuous methods can he now bring his pieces to bear on black's position: meanwhile black does something.

14. Castles QR	B-B3	22. P-Kt5	P-Kt4
15. QR-KK11	P-QR3	23. P-R5	R-B6
16. P-KKt4	P x P	24. R-Kt2	R-Kt1
17. B x P	Kt-K4	25. Kt-K2	P x P
18. B x Kt	B x B	26. B x P	B-R5
19. Kt x B	Q-Kt4 ch	27. Q-B1	R x QRP
20. K-Kt1	Q x Kt	28. Kt-Kt3	...
21. P-KR4	B-Q2		

White's game is lost. He gives up a piece rather than attempt to defend the ugly attack on his KP. Black was threatening R-K6 and in eventualities B-Q8 or R-QB6.

28. ...	R x Kt	33. R-B5	Q-Q5
29. R x R	Q x R	34. R-B3	Kt-B6 ch
30. P-Kt6	P-R3	35. K-R1	Kt-Q8
31. R-KB1	Q-K4		And white resigns.
32. B-Q3	Kt-Kt4		

White has made no egregious blunder in any part of the game. He has lost simply through overestimating the value of the "odds" and proceeding on wrong lines. It is worth while reflecting that "odds" alone will not win. It is also necessary to play well.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GERMANY AND THE WAR SCARE OF 1875.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W., 18 December.

SIR,—Those who wish to arrive at a just conclusion with regard to the war scare of 1875 should read and compare the accounts given by the Duc de Broglie in his book on the Mission of the Vicomte de Gontaut-Biron to Berlin 1871-77, translated into English under the title of "An Ambassador of the Vanquished", Lord Augustus Loftus' Reminiscences vol. 2, c. vi. and Bismarck's "Reflections and Reminiscences", vol. 2, pp. 188-89, which may be taken to check one another. Gortchakoff dated a telegraphic circular from Berlin where he was with Tsar Alexander II. on 10 May 1875 beginning with the words "Maintenant la paix est assurée". Therefore the Russian Chancellor believed there had been foundation for alarm or affected to do so. Bismarck said it was all a wicked device of Gortchakoff and that the Tsar told him afterwards that he must not take this "vanité sénile" too seriously. We have no means of knowing how far this is a fact. Loftus, then our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, gives a detailed account of an interview between the Tsar and General Le Flo, French Ambassador, in the course of which the Tsar said he did not attach the same importance to the rumours as was the case in France and expressed his firm opinion that no serious danger menaced the peace of Europe but "was silent and reserved as to the future". In the end Loftus says (p. 133 op. c.): "Thus the pressure and influence of the Emperor of Russia and the wise counsels of Prince

Gortchakoff were crowned with success and the clouds which had darkened the political horizon were dispersed". This does not look as if the scare had no foundation.

According to the Duc de Broglie the German Ambassador in Paris called on the Duc Decazes, the French Foreign Minister, on 5 May and remonstrated on the increase of the French army and accumulation of money reserve in the bank. The Duc Decazes took this calmly having in his pocket an assurance of Russian support given by the Tsar to General Le Flo. It must be remembered that before this the English, Russian, Austrian and Belgian ambassadors at Berlin had all cautioned M. de Gontaut-Biron, and Moltke had used very menacing language to the Belgian which no doubt he meant to be repeated. Herr von Radowitz on his return from an unexplained mission to S. Petersburg also had a menacing conversation with the French Ambassador. I cannot possibly quote all the authorities, but De Blowitz' story (told principally no doubt for self-glorification) bears out the rest.

In the life of Queen Victoria in the Dictionary of National Biography it is stated that "The Queen's relations at Berlin and Darmstadt informed her in the spring of 1875 that Bismarck was resolved to avoid a possible surprise on the part of France by suddenly beginning the attack". The writer then goes on to state that Queen Victoria wrote directly to the Emperor William on the subject. "That there was a likelihood of an outbreak of hostilities between France and Germany in the early months of 1875 is undoubted, but an accommodation was in progress before the Queen intervened and the scare soon passed away." In the Biography of Princess Alice of Hesse, the following occurs, p. 339, in a letter from her dated 10 July 1875: "I told the Emperor the fright we had about the war. He was much distressed that anyone could believe him capable of such a thing. But our Fritz (the Emperor Frederick) and Fritz of Baden agree that, with Bismarck, in spite of the nation not wishing it, he might bring about a war at any moment."

The scare then had foundation. Military men talked in a menacing way in Germany and so apparently did Bismarck and some diplomatists. Recent events show that this is a German way of doing business. This year it paid, in 1875 it did not. It is impossible to say whether there would have been war in 1875 had the Tsar and Queen Victoria not interfered betimes. According to Blowitz Bismarck did not wish war, the military party did, and Bismarck took his own way of stopping it. But no reasonable person can deny that the scare had adequate grounds.

Your obedient servant,

W. B. DUFFIELD.

OUR JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hollin Bank, Oswaldtwistle, Lanc.

SIR,—This subject is a favourite one with those who write astronomical articles for magazines, but the remarkable feature of all such articles is that they deal mostly with the surroundings of the question, the most brilliant constellations and nebulae, or the wonders of the Milky Way, while of the journey itself confession is made that practically nothing is known. It is my purpose however to reverse this position and to give definite information on points which have been hitherto shrouded in mystery. It cannot be concealed that, to accomplish this, the teachings of astronomers, both ancient and modern, have to be set aside. I am quite aware of the gravity of such a position, but think it only necessary to say that my method is to oppose to the conclusions of astronomers their own recorded observations. I have no hesitation in asserting that their observations teach exactly the reverse of their conclusions on the subject of the motion of the sun: but before considering the result of the observations, it will be useful to set forth the opinions of astronomers upon the subject. We are told that the sun has not visibly moved from the spot he now occupies in the sky for the last two thousand years, not intending by that statement to convey that he does not move,

but to indicate the slowness of his movement. Practically however it means that he is standing still, consequently that no information can be obtained as to the plane or line on which he moves among the stars, or his period of revolution. Hence it is inferred that his orbit is of immense size, how large no one can tell. Under the influence of these beliefs Sir John Herschel says, "It will never be given to man to know in what orbit the sun moves". At another time he remarks, "Another generation, perhaps many, must pass away before we are in a position to hold out a prospect of one day being enabled to trace out an arc of the solar orbit". A recent writer in the "Windsor Magazine" also says, "What the object of this celestial journey is, where it may eventually lead us, no one can tell". It is only fair to state however that the sun has been found to be in motion in a western direction, from left to right, but astronomers differ as to the exact direction to the extent of 55 degrees. On the whole it is no exaggeration to say, from the preceding quotations, "that there is nothing certain known of the path of the sun". By the term path is meant the line on which he moves among the stars viewed from the earth, the angle formed by his plane with the ecliptic plane, and his orbit and period of revolution; of all of which astronomers acknowledge their ignorance.

Now I contend that this ignorance is dispelled by their own observations on the sun, which clearly establish that the sun instead of standing still moves in a western direction at the rate of 50.24 seconds per annum, and has in two thousand years travelled about 28 degrees. The circle of the heavens being divided into 360 degrees, the travel of the sun of 50.24 seconds per annum shows that he will accomplish a revolution in 25,796 years. His revolution in that period can be easily shown to produce all the discovered phenomena; and by a model which I have constructed this can be seen, while on the other hand it is made palpable that it is impossible for the sun to revolve in his orbit without the accompaniment of the phenomena. In other words, the sun's movement in an orbit in 25,796 years produces the phenomena, or the phenomena discovered prove the revolution of the sun in that period. The most notable instance of this is the revolution of the pole of the heavens in 25,796 years, a fact which is undisputed. The axis of the pole maintains a most rigid attitude in regard to the sun, so that if the sun revolves in the period named, the pole must revolve also in the same time: or whatever the period, the rigidity of the connexion compels uniformity of movement, and the movement of the one is an index to the movement of the other. In the same manner the change in the obliquity of the ecliptic is accounted for by the revolution of the sun, and the reason for the pole of the ecliptic always pointing to one spot is supplied, for neither of which has any satisfactory reason been assigned. In fine, the revolution of the sun in 25,796 years accounts for everything, tells us the exact line of his movement, the plane on which he travels, and the comparative size of his orbit, and thus the whole mystery attached to the sun's travel in space is dissolved.

The general proposition I lay down is that the observed annual travel of the sun of 50.24 seconds explains all the solar phenomena, and seven years ago I challenged an investigation of it by writing to the Editors of the "Observatory", asking the plain question whether it was not true, but they thought it the wisest course to take no notice of the inquiry. Now as the accepted views of the sun's travel are founded upon the immobility of the sun, which is an effectual block to a knowledge of his movements, I venture to say that to the unbiassed mind the inquiry will appear perfectly reasonable. It is as if I had said, "You have for over a hundred years been trying to open the door of knowledge with a key which will not turn in the lock, why not try the key I offer, which I guarantee to be a perfect fit?"

This refusal or neglect to investigate a suggestion so promising, taken in connexion with their own confessed inability to offer any solution, gives the appearance of fear on their part of the result of the investigation; because if adverse to them it would involve a recantation of all they have previously taught

on the subject. But further, this refusal gives occasion to inquire into the foundation of their extraordinary allegation, that while the sun is said to be travelling at so many miles per second and has been observed to move twenty-eight degrees in two thousand years, he at the same time has not moved out of the spot he occupied at the beginning of that period! But that allegation is not based on any ascertained fact, but upon an imagined phenomenon called the Precession of the Equinoxes, which is a relic of the dark ages, said to have been discovered by Hipparchus some two thousand years ago. The true description of it is that the equinox occurs twenty minutes and twenty-five seconds before the sun arrives at the same spot he occupied at the equinox the year before; but the arrival of the sun is an apparent or imaginary arrival, and we are expected to believe that the real occurrence of the equinox taking place before the imaginary arrival of the sun establishes precession as a fact. On the contrary, I say the combination of the real with the imaginary establishes it as a fallacy. But Hipparchus was not so illogical, for he believed that the movement of the sun was as real as the equinox itself, so his credit is saved; but what about astronomers who know that Hipparchus was wrong in taking the apparent revolution of the sun round the earth as a reality? If Hipparchus was wrong in his premisses, in what manner can it be maintained that his discovery was right?

We have arrived then at this position. If precession be true it rests, at any rate, upon an untruth or fallacy. If the motion of the sun of 50.24 seconds per annum be its true motion, it rests upon the evidence of observation. Again, if precession be true, the present state of ignorance must continue, but if the motion of the sun be true, there is the promise and prospect of knowing everything of real importance as to his travel in space. Nothing therefore is to be gained through precession, and I feel certain that when the true position becomes known to the public I shall gain its support in taking measures for the investigation of the effect of the sun's motion. The simplicity of my proofs is such that I have so far convinced everyone who has seen them, and I have no hesitation in saying that they are incontrovertible. This I assert not boastfully, but because the facts and figures used are those of astronomers themselves, applied in a manner from which they are shut out by the adoption of precession.

Yours, &c.

WM. SANDEMAN.

THE PLACE OF PROGRAMME MUSIC IN ART.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Sunnyholt", Acton Vale, W.

16 December, 1905.

SIR,—What is programme music and what is its place in art? Surely it is absolutely non-existent as such, and its place—nowhere; for like realistic music, which however certainly does exist, it can have none in musical art properly so called. And I am of opinion that every modern continental musical writer of any standing will bear me out in this. Realism in music (or realistic music) there undoubtedly is, and always—since the inception of the musical art—has been; but "programme" music—why, it is simply a delusion and an hallucination arising from our unimaginative British brains! Mr. Runciman indeed truly says that Beethoven and others frequently admitted working to a (mental) picture; and in writing his fine fifth C minor Symphony Beethoven himself was fain to confess that "thus Fate knocked at the door". Quite true; but it is here precisely that we unimaginative Britishers in our somewhat too prosaic matter-of-fact way overstep the mark! Beethoven was simply employing a flowery, a somewhat metaphorical expression; or as the Germans (the composer's fellow-countrymen) are wont to express themselves: "er hat durch die Blumen gesprochen", i.e. "he has merely spoken through the roses (or flowers)".

Realism in the domain of music is a phenomenon with which all concert-goers are to-day perfectly familiar. Thus we find it in Haydn's "Creation",

also in Handel's "Israel in Egypt", in great profusion. In the former, after the representation of chaos, we get a fine full burst of sound indicating "the creation of light", we hear the trampling of four-footed beasts, the prancing of antelopes &c., the crawling and creeping of reptiles, the buzzing and flitting of insects. Then we possess innumerable pieces which set forth the gushing of waters, the turning of mill-wheels, the cry of the cuckoo and the bursting of the storm—as in Beethoven's sixth Symphony and elsewhere. All these are of course purely realistic devices and effects, and as such can certainly have no place whatever in "absolute music".

But when we come to what many unimaginative folk describe as programme music, that is music ostensibly written by the composer under the spell of some definite idea or picture in his mind (I say "ostensibly" advisedly)—there, I say, we really ought to draw the line. The hackneyed and oft-repeated assertion that the great composers wrote to some picture—mental or otherwise—is really too absurd for credence! What connexion, in Heaven's name, can possibly exist between a picture—mental, if you like—and a musical strain? Of course, we are all aware that most musical folks are accustomed to burst into song on beholding some fine bit of natural scenery. Nothing is more common. But that is because the natural scene works, in some hidden way, upon the imagination and emotions of the beholder. The emotions thus aroused give birth to the aforesaid musical ideas which thereupon find expression in song. But it is quite certain that these emotions can be and are constantly aroused in the true musician's soul, quite independently of natural scenery &c. Hence the absurdity of the statement that musical ideas are invariably called forth by a mental picture of some kind. Besides, how many even of our greatest musicians could definitely say what particular picture was in the composer's mind at the time of writing a given work? Nay more, how many experienced composers would agree upon what the particular mental picture was, to which any great composer worked in any given instance, such for instance say, as the third ("Eroica") or the fifth (C minor) Symphonies of Beethoven? I will undertake to say that there would be practically as many diverse and contradictory opinions on the subject as there were listeners! In fact, I make bold to say that not even two of the most eminent musicians would be in a position to say definitely what image or mental picture was in the great composer's mind at the time when he wrote these works.

Yours faithfully,

OSCAR GAUER.

CHILD-ASSESSMENT BY MARKS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 December, 1905.

SIR,—As the nature of the reports sent to parents upon the school work of their children is a matter of interest to others than teachers I venture to address you thereupon. Of all statistics there are probably none which require such careful handling or are subject to so many modifying considerations as examination marks. It is so easy for a master to point to these figures as facts from which there is no appeal; there is so much apparent justice in refusing to consider the possibility of mistakes arising that the master is apt to lose sight of the boy as a living unit by reason of his preoccupation with the mass of figures and results which he has built up to indicate the boy's attainments. And if the master is liable to this error, the parent is still more likely to be misled by mark totals. It will seem to him as easy to measure a boy's growth in wisdom as in stature.

Figures are useful to an expert, but usually dangerous in the hands of an amateur. Examination figures should therefore, I think, be kept by the master for his own guidance, though they should always be open to any parent who wished to talk over the details of his child's progress with the master. A doctor's diagnosis does not necessarily contain a statement of the grounds for his conclusion; would it not similarly be better for pupil, parent and teacher alike if school reports were

general in character, based to some extent of course on examination records, but not restricted to the mere statement of results? Not every parent is able to grasp the real significance of the latter kind of statement; some are apt to praise or blame their children excessively on the strength of it; others ignore it entirely.

The practice of assessing—or, rather, of trying to assess—daily the value of school work in terms of marks is, I think, harmful in many ways. It makes the whole of the work too conscious and “jerky”, joyless and monotonous; it kills the imagination by rendering deviation from the beaten track unprofitable; it over-stimulates and over-excites those who need not stimulus but rather restraint—the cleverest boys—whilst it correspondingly depresses the weakest. But, worst of all, it has, I believe, a very sinister moral effect. It fosters intellectual sordidness and avarice; a boy who is forced to take a mark-getting view of his studies is being trained to take a money-making view of the things of after life. It fosters jealousy of the success of others; it also most unhappily tends towards the addition of sharp practice to ability and hard work as a condition of success. Consequently an atmosphere is created in the school which is a reproduction of much that is worst in the outside world. Boys learn to believe that their duty towards their neighbour is to keep their eye on him. We must of course prepare our boys for the battle of life, but hardly to this extent or along these lines.

Competition is, in short, a very dangerous educational instrument since the boy is in a different stage of development from the man. Combination is in reality more congenial to boys both in games and in work, and though emulation is bound to arise in both the playing field and the class-room it does not become cruel or ungenerous until it is artificially stimulated, and consequently over-developed. Schoolboys have to learn again in the class-room what their football and cricket have already taught them; that they are members one of another and not warring units. They will discover the latter side of the truth quickly enough when they leave school. To inculcate it in the class-room is to work on distinctly anti-social lines.

The mark system tends in short to move ever further and further from the realities of education, and to become a self-sufficing machine, grinding much of the best out of school work, instead of remaining merely an index—one among several—of individual progress. That it is a more or less necessary outcome of the examination system is only an additional condemnation of that system. I remain, yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

[The views expressed in this letter are borne out by our own observation. It is surely time that the crude system of marks were replaced in all schools—it already is in some of the best—by something more intelligent.—ED. S. R.]

ULLSWATER AND THE NATIONAL TRUST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 Victoria Street, S.W., 20 December, 1905.

SIR,—You have been kind enough to support the National Trust in its endeavour to secure the preservation of Gowbarrow Fell and the Aira Glen, and I therefore venture to ask you to help me to make it known that the purchase money required, £120,000, has now been received or promised and that the Trust is now able to exercise its option of purchase.

The thanks, not only of the Trust but also of the many who will visit Ullswater in future years, are due to those who have so readily helped us to attain the desired end.

May I add that we shall now be glad to receive those promised donations which have not yet been paid, and that we shall be grateful for any assistance to meet our legal and other expenses; while your readers will not have forgotten that we are hoping to add some adjacent land to our acquisition so soon as we have the additional funds which we shall need for that purpose.

I am, yours faithfully,

NIGEL BOND, Secretary.

REVIEWS.

A LOST CHORD.

“The Complete Works of Adelaide A. Procter.” London: Bell. 1905. 5s. net.

SPURIOUS criticism, confronted by serious poetry, invariably begins by asking—“Why was this written?” And precisely the same question, oddly enough, is the first to arise when spurious poetry is offered for serious criticism. “Why was this written?” and “Why is this read?” are indeed the only questions. In the present instance they are well worth the asking. They involve some points of considerable psychological interest, and, we may even add, of definite sociological importance. Moved to curiosity by the appearance of this substantial reprint, we have made some inquiries of the bookseller, only to be informed that the issue of such a volume is no occasion at all for surprise. “The works of Miss Procter”, we learn, “are in quiet but unfailing demand . . . a class of works one would always keep in stock . . . especially the ‘Legends and Lyrics’ . . . the small volumes up there . . . bound in white with sprays of forget-me-not”. This information is amply corroborated by the title-pages, which confess to sales of anything between a hundred and a hundred and fifty thousand copies. Asked whether new editions were forthcoming of Martin Tupper or Eliza Cook, our informant was not aware of any. These writers, by some caprice of popular judgment, appear to be quite forgotten, but the works of Miss Procter survive into the twentieth century. It is now their fate to be part of that marvellous underworld of semi-religious “literature” and quasi-art to which belong also the fiction of Mr. Silas K. Hocking, Mrs. Annie S. Swan, and “Edna Lyall”; the more distinctively theological utterances of Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine; the Gospels illustrated by Tissot; Farrar’s “Life of Christ”; the “sacred” picture that goes on tour and is exhibited (at a shilling per head) with all the appurtenances of a religious rite; the Christmas “booklet” wherein (under some form of strange allegory) the flabbily sentimental and the daringly obvious pursue an exciting struggle for mastery; the amazing species of entertainment known as “services of song”, which intersperse the progress of a mild novelette with scraps of pathetic but uniformly feeble psalmody; the “Sunday Strand”, a brilliant contrivance worthy of the brain that planned it, whereby the unimpeachably Puritan household may pass quite a pleasant Sabbath afternoon without prickings of conscience; not to mention countless other magazines, devoted apparently to a fusion of pious chit-chat and smart photography—“The Rev. C. MacTavish, B.A., ascending the rostrum”, and so forth; all the phenomena, in short, of the welter that ensues when cheap education, crude emotion, and callow aspiration coincide. Among those who cater, consciously or otherwise, for this underworld, several grades are distinguishable. There is the charlatan pure and simple, who knows his business and his customers. There is also the charlatan sans le savoir, the respectable and well-meaning person whose egoism has been insensibly inflated by the applause of ignorant people on whom his inexhaustible facility has never failed to impose. Discernible, too, is the misguided soul who deliberately adopts the tone of this environment in hopes of “reaching the many” and “doing good”. Last but not least comes the ingenuous and sincerely pious writer to whose account there is nothing culpable except the supreme mistake of fancying an artistic vocation where there was none, and pursuing the fancy with indomitable perseverance. The works of such a writer—and no better specimen could be found than those of Miss Procter—are not without a certain human appeal. Æsthetically, of course, we at once dismiss them. But the dismissal, we feel, should not be too harsh. We lay the book aside quite firmly, but at the same time gently. Such pages, even in their very copiousness, have something pathetic. Pathetic enough, for works of this order, is their natural doom of an early oblivion; but not half so pathetic as their survival only to appear in the sorry company we have described.

Judged as poetry, the verses in this book and the effusions which now occupy the indispensable "poetry" corner of a dozen sectarian magazines are much of a muchness—that is to say, they are nothing at all—but the posthumous verses achieve for all that a touch of faded dignity by comparison. The "Legends and Lyrics" have all the thinness and obviousness, the staleness of imagery and tinkling sentimentalism, that mark the middle-class mind of their period. And yet they have something demure and decorous that is absent from their successors. The explanation is clear. Miss Procter's work is never vulgar, except in so far as the impress of her period itself implies vulgarity. The work of her successors is intrinsically vulgar—vulgar in spite of light. In the "Sixties", we fancy, strange as it may be thought, the "Legends and Lyrics" would appeal to people quite intelligent and even, after the standard of that day, quite cultivated. For our own age, with all its faults, we may at least claim that the dethronement of beauty no longer amounts to a positive instinct among the educated classes. Nowadays, addiction to the sort of literature with which "Legends and Lyrics" are come to be associated would imply something more than lack of poetic taste. It would imply a general inferiority of tone—the kind of inferiority that is reflected and encouraged (say) by the productions of Messrs. Harmsworth. The works of Miss Procter are obviously the works of a lady—the portrait they suggest to us is one of serious education and moral refinement. No doubt this very fact, artistically speaking, is enough to exclude them from poetry. When poetry is before us, it never occurs to inquire or notice how far the writer was a good person, or moved in the best circles. Grant, however, that certain verses are not poetry at all, and the personal character of the writer at once assumes importance in our estimate of what those verses, judged simply as human phenomena, signify.

It is not easy to conjecture by what process Miss Procter's poems, and hundreds like them, came into being. Poetry, for us, is nothing if not an ecstasy, something which breaks the fetters of prose instinctively. But for the mid-Victorian age, and for that stratum of present-day readers which owes its existence to compulsory "education" of an almost incredibly mechanical kind—a stratum that apparently finds its main occupation, so far as higher realms are concerned, in repeating with unpleasant variations the old catchwords and controversies which the mid-Victorian age produced ad nauseam—"poetry" is simply a convention, a vehicle. From this standpoint, poetry in itself is of no importance whatever. It is regarded, in fact, as a positively dangerous as well as frivolous accomplishment unless it be associated with some approved "end". Verse that contains some idea specifically religious or philanthropic, verse that is mildly descriptive, even verse that is harmlessly comic, will all pass muster by this standard. It is the "subject" that counts. The form is so much decoration of the matter. Metre and rhyme are accepted as a pleasant jingling accompaniment to the otherwise monotonous trot of the ideas. Such acceptance, we suppose, represents the survival (even in the mid-Victorian age) of the primitive choric instinct. It is less easy to see why poetic diction, as well as metre, was accepted, but so it was: A writer like Miss Procter turned to metre, rhyme, and the outworn diction of dead poets, as the appropriate dress in which to clothe any set of thoughts and feelings that appeared to be either too trivial for prose or too sentimental for it. Business and sentiment, for the average British mind, have always had a sharp line of cleavage. The moment a thing ceases to be what is called practical—that is to say, the moment it becomes "tinged with emotion"—it becomes matter for "poetry". That life is a whole, and that the function of poetry is to utter fundamental truths about this whole, are notions quite foreign to the order of thought we are considering. Miss Procter's readers, in her own day and now, like rhyme for just the same reasons as would prompt them to dislike poetry. In other words, they think rhyme is nice just because they do not consider poetry to be necessary. The jingle they call poetry is simply an affair of the best parlour. In their hearts they set no

permanent store by it. It takes rank, or thereabouts, with the antimacassars and the wax-flowers. It is very possible, indeed we believe that Miss Procter herself was quite modest in her claim to poetic talents. She recognised, we dare say, that her own verses were not even in the same world with the poetry she admired. It may be wondered, therefore, why she published what she wrote; but the answer is a simple one. Had she belonged to our own age it is quite likely she would have written far less, likely even that she would have refrained from print altogether. But the age and class to which she did belong, though appreciation of real poetry cannot have been utterly dormant everywhere, cared on the whole so little for real poetry that it cheerfully permitted the effusion of verse ad libitum. No stigma was attached to the process. Formed with ease, the habit would grow apace, and a fatal luxuriance would soon be attained. So far from marvelling at the quantity produced (this volume has nearly five hundred pages) we should rather admire the self-control that must have been needed to restrict the output within such limits.

The question remains, "Why is this style of work now read?" Mr. George Moore has somewhere remarked, à propos of "religiosity in art", that "there seems to be an almost limitless demand for work of this kind, and almost any amount of praise for it, no matter how badly it is executed". He goes on to say that the critic dares not attack the "sacred" picture because he would be misunderstood. For ourselves we should entertain no hesitation of the kind. We discern few signs, in that seething underworld where pious sentimentality and sectarian rhetoric contend for audience, of genuine awe or response to the higher emotions such as might inhibit us from criticism of merely artistic flaws. The "Lost Chord", one of Miss Procter's more unfortunate productions, set to a tune and often illustrated (we have reason to fear) by appropriate lantern slides, is only typical of the false verbiage and falser sentiment that find favour with a certain class; a class, we reluctantly add, that already is enormous and appears if anything to be on the increase.

"It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm."

Lines of this calibre, for 1860, were just possible; just fell short, considering the date, of irredeemable insincerity. Miss Procter, a sincerely high-minded lady, could write them. To-day nothing could excuse it. The spirits to whom this style is addressed are capable of no fever save the morbid inquietude that is begotten by long debauch of sensation and curiosity. Calm of any kind, not to say infinite, is outside their experience. They would not have it at any price. In the field of "religious" literature, activity, and emotion, we note very plainly the same disintegrating forces that are working their will in popular journalism. The fountains of real feeling, no less than the power of consecutive thought, are gradually being exhausted, it would seem, by organised vulgarity. For the religion as well as for the thought of the underworld no medicine offers hope unless it be something that will refine the grain and resist the coarsening of emotional fibre which is now in process. Visions of a less mechanical system of popular education, and what perhaps it might do, rise before us. But at present they are visions with little promise of substance.

A TROPICAL DISAPPOINTMENT.

"A Tropical Dependency." An Outline of the Ancient History of the Western Soudan, with an Account of the Modern Settlement of Northern Nigeria. By Flora F. Shaw (Lady Lugard). London: Nisbet. 1905. 18s. net.

LADY LUGARD'S great reputation raised high hopes that in this book much fresh light would be thrown on many complex problems of native administration. Unfortunately these hopes have not been realised. Out of five hundred pages the first three

hundred and forty are devoted to the ancient history of the Western Sudan, and it is not till chapter xlv. that the real subject of the book is reached. The title is a misnomer, and conveys an entirely erroneous impression. The reader naturally expects the tropical dependency to occupy the bulk of the work, but finds he has first to tackle forty-three chapters of doubtful accuracy, dealing with Northern Africa from a period anterior to the Norman Conquest, before he reaches what he is seeking. Ten chapters are then doled out which the first part of the title may be said to cover. A distinct feeling of having been "done" is the unfortunate effect, and the reader wearily lays the book aside to wait for the work which will some day appear and do justice to Sir Frederick Lugard's great task in Northern Nigeria, and the efforts of his officers, many of whom sacrificed their lives in the labour. We fear few students of present-day colonial questions care a straw whether the Haussas and the Phœnicians are of the same stock, or whether the Hausa language is "classed with Coptic amongst the Hamitic languages"; and most philologists do not believe either assertion. Such theories are much better developed in ethnological journals than in a work meant for popular instruction. In the commencement of chapter xlv. Lady Lugard disarms criticism by drawing attention to her relationship with the High Commissioner, and frankly admits that "the detachment which gives the proportions of history is no longer at my command". At the same time we must congratulate her upon her interesting treatment of the subject. We are as sensible as any of Sir Frederick Lugard's great ability and the undaunted persistency he has shown in evolving order out of chaos; but this does not blind us to the fact that his policy has been severely criticised, and in our opinion with cause. "If conquest is best when it is speedy, the work of organisation must in its nature be always slow". It is difficult to reconcile this dictum with the creation of seventeen provinces, a Supreme Court, Provincial Courts, Cantonment Courts, with all the cumbersome details of a Western judiciary, an extensive system of taxation, the building of a new capital, and the many other arrangements made since the country passed under Imperial control in 1900. We much fear the pace has been too rapid. The real progress would have been greater if things had been urged with a gentler hand.

The inhabitants of Northern Nigeria have been for ages subject to the devastating effects of slave raids and the exaction of illegal taxes. Under the High Commissioner's energetic administration the first have undoubtedly ceased, but it is much to be feared the second still exists in a very acute form. From its very inception the whole of the administration has been conducted on too extravagant a plan; and in consequence taxation has had to be imposed which in our opinion would much better have been left alone for some considerable period. Since 1900 the total expenditure has been nearly £2,500,000, and the revenue derived from the country under £300,000. With this enormous balance against the administration it was only natural that recourse should be made to taxation; but if a more economic plan had been tried, the expenditure would have been less and the time when internal revenue became necessary considerably deferred. The present system imposes very heavy import duties and transit dues in addition. These transit dues are levied upon produce moving anywhere in the Protectorate and are perhaps the most objectionable feature of the system.

It is impossible to provide Europeans to collect the tax and in very many cases the natives employed whether from the locality or the coast are not to be depended upon. A tax of £2 per ton is levied upon salt entering the Protectorate and is supposed to clear it anywhere on the river, but we are assured it is not uncommon for a transit tax to be levied on arrival up-country. In addition to the 10 per cent. transit dues a charge of 5s. per head is levied for each carrier. It is not difficult to appreciate the opportunities afforded by the transit tax to the dishonest native official who is generally somewhat better educated than the trader, and we are convinced, from sources it is impossible to doubt, that very grave abuses exist. Our presence in

Northern Nigeria can only be sustained upon commercial grounds, and if trade does not arise it is difficult to imagine how we can ever obtain satisfaction for our enormous and increasing expenditure. The Niger Company and other firms have lately invested considerable sums in developing trade lower down the river, but they are not disposed to increase their risks in Northern Nigeria while a policy which they consider detrimental to commercial progress is insisted upon by the Administration.

From the very first the prevailing cry has been for increased expenditure which would make the country productive, and still the old cry is raised; but the constant repetition does not make it more accurate. We regret to notice the same claim by Lady Lugard, in her case for railways. If railways are made it is contended the produce can be conveyed to the sea and the large areas suitable for cotton brought under cultivation. But before cotton can be exported it must first be grown, and before it can be grown in quantities worth dealing with, the country must carry a larger population. For the next few years taxation should be reduced to a minimum, and the country allowed to recuperate from the era of destruction through which it has passed. Not a farthing has been spent upon railways, or any other panacea to stimulate trade. Given time trade will develop and Northern Nigeria be an imperial asset of immense value, but if increased expenditure is incurred there is always the danger that the Treasury will interfere and decline the grant-in-aid, in which case the progress of the country might suffer a severe shock. We hope Lady Lugard will some day give Northern Nigeria a book to itself, and tell, as only she can tell, the tale of the work performed by many whose efforts will otherwise be forgotten.

THE BIRDS' FRIEND.

"Bird-life Glimpses." By Edmund Selous. London: Allen. 1905. 6s.

THIS is a book which will greatly charm the ordinary lover of wild-life, and yet prove valuable to the scientist. The author is known as a tireless watcher and most acute observer of birds, and also as a clear and accurate recorder of his experiences. To the many who would like to share such experiences, but cannot, the book is a revelation. Most of us, perhaps, while finding the stage of wild-nature crowded almost everywhere, may deem the plays rendered upon it rather commonplace usually. And even the author has had to pay a big price in time and patience for his rewards. He says that "many a weary wandering, many an hour's waiting and waiting to see, and seeing nothing", is the lot of the watcher—"and to read a book is fatal". But there is the *per contra*, as he knows well, and proves delightfully. The book is a series of word-pictures, more informing than any line or colour representation could be. The pictures are living in the pages read, and between them is often woven a web of interesting, if sometimes not wholly acceptable, reasoning. Each prominent incident, described with delicacy and charm and an aroma of its own, serves as a nucleus around which the author builds a nest of thought, dainty, neat, and complete, where the mind of the reader rests content, till tempted by this wizard of the countryside to pass on and witness some other incident equally new and pleasant. The real value of the book, however, is in the scientific importance of the discoveries (for many are such) made by the author in the "glimpses" thus recorded. He treats of his favourite birds in a true scientific spirit, and yet as though they had souls. And he justifies himself. His intense love of the subject gleams through each page, as when, for instance, he enters upon a description of herons exchanging the custody of the nest—one of the most beautiful "glimpses" recorded, but too long to quote. "They sit so long and so silently, such hours go by, during which nothing happens, and one can only just see the yellow spear-like beak of the sitting bird pointing upwards amidst the sticks. Only in such circumstances can one really hug oneself in that ecstasy of patience which, almost as much as what one actually,

sees, is the true joy of watching." The sitting heron rewarded his devotion. "Sometimes, too, she would crane her neck into the air, or even stand up in the nest, which was as if a saint had entered the shrine." There are several pleasing illustrations in the book; but one instinctively turns from these to the letter-press, sure of finding better pictures there.

We may quote one or two passages at random. Here, for instance, are a couple of night-jars. "Often they will be joined by a third or fourth bird, and more fast, more furious, then, becomes the airy play. No words can give an idea of the extreme beauty of the flight of these birds. In their soft moods they seem to swoon on the air, and, again, they flout, coquette, and play all manner of tricks with it. Grace and jerkiness are qualities quite opposite to each other. The night-jar, when 'i the vein' combines them with easy mastery, and to see this is almost to have a new sensation . . . As one watches such beings in the deepening gloom, they seem not to be real, but parts of the night's pageant only, dusky imaginings, shadows in the shapes of birds." A concourse of starlings at evening is beautifully hit off. "Each band, as it circles rapidly round, permeated with a fire of excitement and glad alacrity, assumes diverse shapes, becoming, with the quickness of light, a balloon, an oil-flask, a long, narrow, myriad-winged serpent, rapidly thridding the air, a comet with tail streaked suddenly out, or a huge scarf, flung about the sky in folds and shimmers." Of the starling's notions of property the author has a low opinion, especially as evidenced in the numerous tenantry of a sandpit. "A bird, returning with plunder, finds the absent proprietor in his own home. Each scolds, each recognises that he has 'received the dor'; but neither blushes, neither is one bit ashamed. . . . There is no trouble of conscience, no remorse. 'Fair is foul, and foul is fair' with them." Charming indeed is the description of the mother-dabchick carrying her young under her wings, even when diving "with extraordinary force and velocity, so that a little shower of spray—and, indeed, more than spray—was flung quite high into the air". The martins building around the author's dwelling naturally attracted notice; and he has much that is pleasant to say of them, with a neat apology for their simple methods. "A very pretty sight it was, to see them all so busy, and doing something dirty so cleanly—for, after all, swallowing mud is dirty if looked at in a commonplace kind of way, though not at all so, really, if we consider the end to which it is done."

Here we find, also, many observations on the loving ways of birds and their tender greetings and solicitude, which do good to the reader's heart, and make the world seem a brighter place to dwell in. "Birds, I assert, do, in the proper and true meaning of the word, kiss, also, and I believe that the origin of the custom has been the same, or approximately the same, in each instance. To take food from one's mouth, and put it into some one else's, is an act of attention, I believe, among some savage tribes." The green woodpecker is found to be almost entirely a ground-feeding bird. "The tree, in fact, is now used more as a resting-place than for any other purpose, except that of breeding."

But we do not agree with the author in his defence of the starling in regard to fruit. He is hardly fair to those who condemn the thieves. He says: "what they really mean is this, that, seeing them (the birds) in abundance, their fingers itch to destroy." Nor can we pass the suggestion that the origin of nest-building can be traced in birds, when in an ecstatic state upon the ground, grasping "loose-lying and easily seized objects". Surely the first nests were mere lairs in dead leaves under trees, added to for warmth or protection, and gradually improved as time and experience advanced? The observations on the supernumerary nests of the moorhen are as interesting as the rest, and as to such nests generally, the author inclines to the belief that they have a definite use other than the incubation of eggs. In fact, he traces very clearly the analogy between these supernumerary nests and the play-houses of the bower-birds.

RECENT AID TO BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

"A Dictionary of the Bible." Edited by James Hastings. Extra Volume. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 28s.

IT is only three years since the Bible Dictionary was finished; but in order to keep abreast of new discoveries and to widen the range of observation, an extra volume has been published, of which we may say at once that it fully justifies its existence. The entire work is thus brought well up to date; it is proof not only of the editor's alertness, but of the keen and comprehensive activity which is being devoted to all branches of Biblical research, that a contribution so substantial should be forthcoming in so short a time. It is intended to be something more than a handy book of reference; hence the articles are undoubtedly long—it would be a loss if they were shorter. The general character of the work represents the best kind of modern scholarship, at once sober and progressive, scientific in method and reverent in temper.

Of the various articles, that which impresses us most as an original and independent contribution to the subject is Mr. C. H. Turner's treatise on Greek Patristic Commentaries. It is hardly intended for the general reader, but students and specialists will quarry from it for a long time to come. The exegetical literature of the third and fourth centuries was extraordinarily rich, and though most of it has perished, what remains covers a vast field; Mr. Turner deals only with one corner of it, the commentaries on S. Paul's Epistles; and he helps us to form some idea of the devoted manner in which the early Christian centuries studied the Apostle. Mr. Turner's work is based upon a first-hand acquaintance with the MSS. of the Fathers in all the chief libraries of Europe; besides placing the results of his own researches at our disposal, he indicates the lines along which the next generation of scholars may most profitably direct their labours. We may justly be proud that Oxford is still able to produce a learning fit to match that of the giants in the seventeenth century, equipped in addition with all the advantage of modern historical methods. Mr. Stenning contributes a valuable introduction to the study of Tatian's "Diatessaron", the earliest harmony of the Gospels, composed originally in Syriac, but now existing only in Latin and Arabic versions. The actual text has been experimentally restored by Zahn, and it is important to find out how this stands in relation to the Old Syriac, of which we now possess two early recensions, the Curetonian and the Sinaitic. Mr. Stenning comes to the conclusion that the Old Syriac was prior to Tatian and furnished the groundwork of his Harmony, the chief interest of which lies in the fact that it was the form in which the Gospels were most widely circulated in the Syrian Church from 172 A.D. to the fifth century.

Of special value is the article by Mr. Johns, the eminent Cambridge Assyriologist, on the Code of Hammurabi. Besides translating this venerable document and discussing its contents, Mr. Johns examines its connexion with the Code of Israel. The problem is by no means a simple one. The Babylonian law is far the more ancient, the Mosaic law is the more primitive; the former had long outgrown the stage which the latter did not reach till late in history; at the same time both contain a certain number of principles in common. How are we to account for this? Mr. Johns draws a suggestive parallel between the advent of the First Dynasty of Babylon to which Hammurabi (circ. 2250 B.C.) belonged and the invasion of Palestine by the Israelite tribes nearly a thousand years later. The newcomers in both cases found a settled population more advanced in civilisation than themselves; in Babylon the new rulers were absorbed by the native race, and thus acquired the native culture which in the matter of laws had already advanced far beyond the primitive stage; in Palestine the opposite happened: the invaders were able to impose themselves upon the settled population, with the result that the primitive law which belonged to the new masters became the prevailing type. For centuries the natives of Palestine had been living under Babylonian influences, and some of their legal usages Israel preserved; hence there

are resemblances between the Code of Hammurabi and the Book of the Covenant, for instance; the rest of the common element must be traced back to the primitive system which both the invaders brought with them, the one into Babylon, the other into Palestine. It has been rashly assumed that Israel borrowed its laws from Hammurabi; but there is no question of borrowing; the differences and likenesses rather indicate that Israel made an independent revision of ancient custom which had been deeply influenced by Babylonian law. This is the most reasonable account of the matter that we have yet seen.

A brief allusion may be made to the work of another Cambridge scholar, Dr. J. O. F. Murray, on the textual criticism of the New Testament, chiefly for the reason that, in spite of recent tendencies to dispute it, he maintains the stability of Westcott and Hort's estimate of the Western Text and of the relative importance of the different groups of textual authorities; the judgment which they formed on individual readings is not likely to be modified in more than a handful of passages. This is reassuring, and Dr. Murray gives good reason for his opinion.

The longest and perhaps the most generally interesting article is that by Professor Kautzsch on the religion of Israel. The writer is one of the foremost Old Testament scholars in Europe; and his work shows that the critical school at its best can pronounce on fundamental matters not only with authority, but with a sympathy and reverence which will be appreciated by English readers. We welcome the courage with which Professor Kautzsch insists on the difference between hypothesis and fact, especially in such a conjectural region as that of Israel's early beliefs and customs. Some critics have been anxious to persuade us that Israel emerged, stage by stage, from a primitive polytheism into the belief in one God; within the historical period there was indeed a constant lapse into idolatry; but the false worship was due to the attractiveness of foreign deities, not to the survival in Israel itself of any remnants of a native polytheism. It is noteworthy that the most searching criticism only sets the personality of Moses in stronger relief. He was the real founder of Israel's religion; and inasmuch as a task of such magnitude, so fruitful in its results, so lasting in its influence, obviously surpassed mere human capacity, there is nothing improbable in the tradition which claims that he received a revelation from God together with the power to act upon it. Professor Kautzsch, when he comes to the prophets, deals effectively with the problems which they raise; in particular he points out how many were the additions made by later ages to the earlier prophecies, especially in a Messianic direction; "Isaiah", for instance, is really an anthology of prophetic oracles covering a period of 500 years.

There is much else in this volume that calls for sympathetic notice; but we must content ourselves with commending it as a whole to those who wish to keep pace with the study of the Bible, and to follow the best guidance.

NOVELS.

"A Lame Dog's Diary." By S. Macnaughtan. London: Heinemann. 1905. 6s.

The fashion of chronicling small beer has spread so widely that imaginary journals and diaries, scrap-books and semi-horticultural treatises invite an attitude of caution. But Mr. Macnaughtan—who, for one thing, leaves gardening alone—is not to be treated as one of the scribbling crowd: "A Lame Dog's Diary" is fresh and individual. The writer is supposed to be an officer, lamed for life in the Boer war, who settles down in his own village to get what comfort may be found in a humdrum existence. After a few pages we are at ease in the village of Stowel, where "no one is vulgar, but Mrs. Lovekin is, we fear, not genteel", and find the match-makings and tea-parties positively exciting. Mr. Macnaughtan has a keen eye for character, and is as successful on a summer holiday in Scotland as when rusticating in the South of

England. We are especially taken with a Highland tailor of marked incompetence who carries the war into the enemy's country by exclaiming "Get outside yourselves, ladies and gentlemen, and realise in the magnitude of the universe, and the immeasurable majesty of the planetary system, how small a thing is the ill-fit of a jacket!" There is no sentimentality in this pleasant book, but the "Lame Dog's" admiration of a charming widow turns a desultory diary into a delicate love-story.

"The Interpreters: a Story of Cross-Purposes." By Margaretta Byrde. London: Unwin. 1905. 6s.

Miss Margaretta Byrde's second story is not so good as was her first, "The Searchers". She has chosen an involved theme and has tried to set it forth on an overcrowded stage; she has sought to work into it all manners of religious and other teaching, with a result that is sometimes more irritating than edifying, and she has chosen the somewhat hackneyed method of clearing a tangled situation by means of a pistol-shot. There is such a crowding of characters and such a multiplication of episodes as would have served some popular fiction caterers for several stories, and though novel-readers are little likely to grumble at having "plenty for their money" most of them will wish that the plenty had been presented in a less chaotic fashion. The heroine is a young woman who has married in her mid-teens, and having been left by her husband has gone on the stage as a whistler. She makes friends with a young man named Illyd Dyne, and when that young man dies he leaves her as a friendly legacy to his brother. At about the same time comes news from America that her errant husband has been killed in a railway accident. Having got so far, the experienced novel-reader knows that Arthur Dyne will fall in love with Agnes and knows that the killed man will reappear with consequent complications. Readers with a taste for melodrama blent with religious discussion may find "The Interpreters" to their taste; we do not find it altogether to ours.

"The Cloak of Friendship." By Laurence Housman. London: Murray. 1905. 6s.

Mr. Housman has an effervescent imagination of the mystic kind; he is a symbolist, and deals with the mysteries, faiths and emotions of the heart in what may be called fairy-tales for the grown-up. He is something of a poet and of a seer, but his interpretations and his dreams are not always convincing, nor his symbolism acceptable. There is originality and cleverness, and above all a rare sense of beauty in his work; he writes like an artist, and his effects are extremely picturesque. He has mannerisms of course, his style is precious and a little affected, but it has its own peculiar charm and suits the fantastic imagery of the stories. "The Cloak of Friendship" with its companion tales is an attractive example of a kind of work which can only appeal to certain temperaments, to the lovers of the symbolic, the suggestive, and the spiritual, whose imaginations it stimulates, and whose taste it satisfies.

"Helena: a Novel." By Mrs. H. O. Forbes. London: Blackwood. 1905. 6s.

Quite a library of colonial fiction might be formed by those curious in such matters, and to it the passing book season has made several additions of which Mrs. Forbes' new book is by no means the least distinguished. Helena, who is a daughter of New Zealand, of mixed English and Maori parentage, is a beautiful young woman who gets deeply touched by the fate of the dying race and has a keen desire to improve the Maoris' lot; with what varying success she does so and the way in which she works out her own romance must be learned from the book itself. Though the story is somewhat scrappy and episodic, and has a redundancy of characters with no particular bearing on its course, yet it is bright and interesting for its glimpses of New Zealand scenery, and of life there both in the towns and on the "stations".

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Four Plays of Euripides." By A. W. Verrall. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1905. 7s. 6d. net.

This volume needs no introduction to those who know Dr. Verrall's "Euripides the Rationalist", and his wonderful "Studies in Horace". No one who has read the latter, however cursorily, can ever forget the impression made by the remarkable insight, imagination and reasoning power therein displayed, the convincing ease with which an absolutely new and startling thesis is maintained, and the skill with which parallel passages and corroborative references are marshalled in its defence. Dr. Verrall seems to realise the Greek ideal of *δαιμόνιος*, as illustrated by Sophocles in his famous ode on man's inventiveness; he is indeed, in the unhackneyed sense of the word, "terribly clever", and the glamour of his close-knit dialectic is more enduring than is usually the case. The book before us contains an elaborate study of four plays of Euripides—"Andromache", "Helen", "Herakles" and "Orestes". Of these the "Andromache" has been generally thought little of, the "Herakles" is curiously uneven, the story of the "Helen" is in flat contradiction to the popular myth, and the "Orestes", though dramatic in the opening scenes, presents a painfully low ethical standard, and is very badly constructed. But all this is as nothing to Dr. Verrall. Anyone can make a good play interesting by a careful and sympathetic commentary—his task is to do the same kind office to a bad one, and we need not say that he has succeeded. One may not always agree with his conclusions, some of them are very daring, one must give them consideration for the sake of the ability, sincerity and enthusiasm which he displays in arriving at them. In truth Euripides, if he is to win his way to unquestioned popularity, must be submitted to fresh methods of treatment. Professor Murray by his poetic translation has gained for him the honour of being played in the same theatre as Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Dr. Verrall, pursuing a widely different path, shows us that if we want problem-plays, we can find them without having recourse to the moderns. Euripides is a puzzle of the complex kind, and this arises from the nature of the mould in which his life and genius were cast. He is a realist, who is yet capable of being treated romantically; he is a rationalist, who has yet given us a picture of the power and reality of angry deities, the most impressive in Greek tragedy; he is a so-called woman-hater, who has yet drawn for us Alcestis.

Professor Jebb, quoted by Dr. Verrall, reminds us that "the genius of Euripides was at discord with the form in which he worked", but at any rate it was never "subdued to that it worked in". He represents that later stage in the artistic development of a nation's genius, when the original fount is dry, when what once were novelties are hackneyed commonplace, and when the artist must either stifle his genius by reproducing the models, or seek novelty at the risk of impairing the stereotyped forms of beauty. This is what Euripides has done in many of his plays, and Dr. Verrall here shows us by concrete examples how he did it. We have read his four essays with a kind of curiosity not far removed from that with which a hardened novel-reader attacks one of his beloved sensational stories, and we are inclined not to dwell too intimately on details, from consideration for future students, who, as in the parallel case, may not want their interest spoiled by "knowing the end". We must call attention to a new point which Dr. Verrall makes in his "Helen", the best essay of the four by the way. He asks us to believe that this play, and presumably some others, were originally produced on a humble private scale, shorn of the "pomp and circumstance" which an Athenian audience required at the Dionysia, and afterwards expanded or mutilated to meet the requirements of the latter performance. This is a pregnant thought, and such a theory would account for many discrepancies and anomalies in the tragedies as they stand.

"The New Rambler." By Sir Lewis Morris. London: Longmans. 1905. 6s. 6d. net.

This volume of miscellaneous prose contains in three separate sections, Essays, Appreciations, Addresses. We can understand why Sir Lewis Morris should have published the essays; they are pleasant literary exercises which show that he can write as facilely in prose as in verse without having anything to say very special or saying it with distinction in either medium. It cannot be gainsaid that there is an atmosphere of personality about the author of the "Epic of Hades" and other popular poems which embodies itself characteristically in the short essay in the manner of the old-fashioned essayist. Thus "In Praise of Gardens", "Is the World Improving?" "On Forecasting the Future", "On Some Unaccountable Things", and more in the list of sixteen essays are very fair specimens of their class, and would pass a few hours soothingly and restfully if one either had not more strenuous reading at hand or were disinclined for it. Then too in several of the pieces as "Some Thoughts on Modern Poetry" and "In the Confessional" which are not so formally essays, we have an undernote of personal reminiscence and a mild assertion of Sir Lewis' right to a

place in the poetical choir which are not without amusement for those who do not take Sir Lewis as poet very seriously. But of the appreciations and of the addresses delivered to various societies of the usual so-called literary type we can only say that the interest dwindles to the lowest point. We cannot think why Sir Lewis' appreciation of Lord Salisbury, or what he has to say about Queen Victoria's Jubilee and King Edward VII.'s Coronation, should be thought worth republication more than the crowd of such ephemeral things. They must be reprinted: they cannot have been specially written for this volume; though we are not told so. If there are readers who value the author's views on any subject because they admire him as a poet, they will find abundant if peculiar pleasure in studying the eight "Addresses" "On the Place of Poetry in Education" (Liverpool) "On Science and Art" (Cardiff) "On a Provincial Institute" (Llanelli) "On the Education of Girls" (Cardiff) and four others that we need not name.

"The True Story of George Eliot." By William Mottram. London: Griffiths. 1905.

Mr. Mottram has a claim to write of the scenes and people in "Adam Bede" and others of George Eliot's novels. He was cousin to George Eliot herself and grand-nephew of the characters from whom Adam and Seth Bede were drawn. This volume deals almost entirely with "Adam Bede", giving the life-history of several of the chief characters; and "Adam Bede" is perhaps more bound up with her life than anything else she wrote. For ourselves, we have little curiosity about the genesis of the story or about the material from which she drew. George Eliot's work would be quite as valuable and interesting if we knew no more of the author than of Homer. But there are many people who do not take this view and who greatly desire to know how and where the books of their favourite authors were written and from whom the chief characters were sketched. Mr. Mottram gives this information with authority and without gush, and his book will find a good many friends. We are sure of this—it is better to read of Griff and its grimy district than go there on a pilgrimage; and for a journey of enthusiasm to "Shepperton" to-day it means sorry disenchantment.

Mixed with a good deal that is trivial and unessential are some interesting notes in the fourth series of "Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville" (Smith, Elder, 14s.), edited by the Countess of Strafford. This volume covers the period from 17 December, 1861 to 20 April, 1872. A note on the wonderful freshness and vitality of Palmerston at an age when most men are old reminds one of the case of Mr. Chamberlain to-day. Did not one of his opponents say of Palmerston that "panting time toils after him in vain"? The "tone of society" distressed people, as Greville's Diary shows, more than forty years ago. He tells us that it was a theme of conversation at one of Palmerston's dinner parties. The "chaffing" and smoking of the young men and women in society were quite a scandal; very different, says Greville, were things "in our days".—The Warden of Wadham, Oxford, has edited "Letters from Members of Sir Walter Scott's Family" (Grant Richards). These letters show Scott, just as one would have pictured him, an excellent "family man". Genius of course, as the Warden of Wadham contends, is by no means incompatible with sensible and kind conduct within the family circle. Why should it be? "There is no contradiction in adjecto between genius and duty, or even respectability, but in many quarters there lingers the mischievous superstition that a great man is above duty, especially the simple duties of a home".—"How to Collect Books", by Herbert Slater (Bell, 6s. net), is an informed and gossip volume on title-pages, early printed books, illustrated books, great collectors, auction sales, paper and paper marks.—"Leather for Libraries" (The Library Supply Company), by E. W. Hulme, J. Gordon Parker, A. Seymour-Jones, Cyril Davenport, and F. J. Williamson, is another book of the same class if of a more technical flavour. It is the aim of this work, in particular, to warn librarians against leather which has been doctored and spoilt by mineral acids.—We have also received "The Companionship of Books and other Papers" (Putnam, 6s.), by Frederic Rowland Marvin, and the Fourth Series of "Collectanea" (At the Clarendon Press), edited by the Committee of the Oxford Historic Society.

"Lord Nelson's Letters to Lady Hamilton" (The Library Press) has an introductory note or two by Douglas Sladen who lays stress on the "astonishing modernness" of the correspondence; for instance—"I have desired that his death shall be sent by telegraph to the Admiralty". Dr. Murray and his staff have no doubt a note of this early use of the word and will be able to track it down as they have "photograph". The first of this series of letters is dated Oct. 24, 1798—"My dear Madam"—the last Oct. 19th 1805 "My Dearest beloved Emma and the Dear Friend of my bosom".

"The History of the Society of Apothecaries", by C. E. B. Barrett (Stock, £1 1s. net), has been compiled from the minute

(Continued on page 822.)

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books of the society, happily preserved in a full and perfect series. Mr. Barrett gives a description of the architecture of the Great Hall and an entertaining account of the old customs of the society as well as of its history generally. He also gives us some notes in different parts of the volume on the beautiful Physic Garden at Chelsea.

The *Eton College Chronicle* for this week (20 December) contains a clever essay on "Giving Presents". The present of necessity, the present of convention, the present of reciprocity, the annual household present all come up for notice—and there is point in what is said of every one of them. This essay might have been a SATURDAY middle. Whatever Eton's shortcomings, they have someone there now who could teach ninety per cent. of his seniors how to write.

The "Century Magazine" (May-October 1905, Macmillan, 10s. 6d.) is full as ever of good fiction and informing and interesting papers—among the latter being one by General Horace Porter detailing the steps he took when American Ambassador in Paris to recover the body of John Paul Jones from an unknown grave. The coloured illustrations which are now a regular feature of the "Century" are always delicate and tasteful.

Some idea of the care with which "Debrett's Peerage, Baronage and Knightage" (Dean, 31s. 6d.) is prepared is shown in the fact that though so bulky a reference book must have been on the point of going to press when Mr. Balfour resigned a list of the new Ministry and the resignation honours are given, and the Prime Minister is duly placed in the order of precedence. Debrett long since proved its value as a guide to family and personal history—"Who's Who 1906" is purely personal; as usual the record has been added to, and we sympathise with the editor's reference to the difficulty in keeping it revised to date. Resignation honours are not included in the present issue: hence for twelve months the record to that extent will be incomplete. Let us hope no one on the strength of "Who's Who" will continue throughout so long a period to regard Sir Alfred Harmsworth and Sir H. de Stern as mere baronets. "Whitaker's Peerage" in this respect is in the same position as "Who's Who".

"Hazell's Annual" and "Whitaker's Almanack" have now come to be regarded as companions on the reference book shelves intended to make assurance doubly sure. International and domestic events in 1905, such as the Anglo-Japanese treaty, the conclusion of the war, the difficulty in Morocco, and the unemployed question make the record of unusual importance. Both volumes are very carefully compiled, though through a slip of the pen in "Hazell's" the date of the appointment of the Poor Law Commission is given as May instead of November.

"Book Prices Current." Vol. XIX. London: Elliot Stock. 1905.
"Book-Auction Records." Vol. II. London: Karslake. 1905.

Some annuals are invariably welcome while others never fail to produce irritation. To the latter class belongs "Book Prices Current". It is awkward as a book of reference, not astonishing in accuracy and as a record of books sold by auction is of course incomplete. But, as usual it is well printed and is a satisfactory volume in appearance. "Book Auction-Records" on the other hand is repulsive and poor in appearance but is evidently the work of a man who is master of his subject. Both books we believe to be highly pernicious in their influence and Mr. Slater's preface to his volume makes one think that he regards book collecting in the same light as the stocks in the wool or tallow markets. Prices rise and fall and he strikes an average. This average though mathematically correct can easily be misleading.

For this Week's Books see page 824.

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As interpreted by the Veteran Composer himself.

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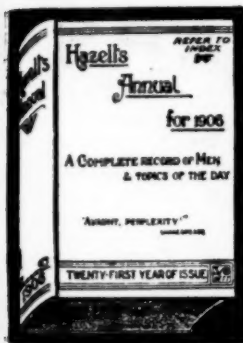
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THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

ART.

The Works of John Ruskin (Library Edition: Vol. XX. Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn). George Allen, 21s. net.

BIOGRAPHY

Edward Grieg (H. T. Finck). John Lane.

FICTION

Matsya: The Romance of an Indian Elephant (Warren Killingworth). Wells Gardner. 6s.

The Curse: And it Was So (Roma Dene); The Metal and the Key (E. Ford). Drape. 3s. 6d. each.

Le Secret du Gouffre (par Pierre Maël. Ouvrage illustré de 48 gravures par H. Vogel). Paris: Hachette. 10/6.

LAW

Local Government Law and Legislation for 1905 (Arranged and Edited by W. H. Dumsday). Hadden, Best. 10s. net.

REPRINTS

A Tale of Two Cities (Charles Dickens. School Edition). Black. 2s. 6d.

Purchas's Voyages (Vols. IX. and X.). Glasgow: MacLehose. 12s. 6d. net each.

The Lyrical Poems of William Blake (Text by John Sampson. With an Introduction by Walter Raleigh). Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d. net.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

Biographic Clinics (Vol. III. George M. Gould). Rebman, Limited. 5s.

Elocution: Its First Principles (W. H. Breare). Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d. net.

Shinto: The Way of the Gods (W. G. Aston). Longmans. 6s. net.

The Prevention of Senility and a Sanitary Outlook (Sir James Crichton-Browne). Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.

Essays on Economics (H. Stanley Jevons). Macmillan. 5s. net.

THEOLOGY

Daniel and his Prophecies (Rev. Charles H. H. Wright). Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d.

The Epistles of S. Peter (J. H. Jowett); The Book of Revelation (Rev. C. Anderson Scott). Hodder, Stoughton. 5s. net.

The Christian Church (Darwell Stone). Rivingtons. 7s. 6d. net.

Balthasar Hübmaier, the Leader of the Anabaptists (Henry C. Vedder). Putnam. 6s.

TRAVEL

India (Mortimer Menpes. Text by Flora Annie Steel). Black. 20s. net.

Au Vieux Pays de France: Excursions de Vacances (par Louis Rousselet). Paris: Hachette. 10/6.

Vita Moderna degli Italiani (Saggi di Angelo Mosso). Milano: Fratelli Treves. 4 lire.

Shakespeare's London (Henry Thew Stephenson). Constable. 6s. net.

New Egypt (A. B. de Guerville). Heinemann. 16s. net.

Gems in a Granite Setting: Beauties of the Lone Land of Dartmoor (William Crossing). Plymouth: "Western Morning News" Co., Ltd.

VERSE

The Water Nymph and Other Poems (Alfred S. Johnstone). Gay and Bird. 5s.

The Three Resurrections and the Triumph of Maeve (Eva Gore-Booth). Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.

New Collected Rhymes (Andrew Lang). Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.

Plays and Poems (Paul Hookham). Kegan, Paul. 5s. net.

The Poems of Trumbull Stickney. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. \$1.50 net.

A Short Day's Work (Monica Peveril Turnbull. New and Enlarged Edition). Murray. 5s.

MISCELLANEOUS

Farce of Master Pierre Patelin, The (By an unknown Author, 1469 A.D., Englished by Richard Holbrook). Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. \$2 net.

Fiction, the Childhood of: A Study of Folk Tales and Primitive Thought (J. A. Macculloch). Murray. 12s. net.

Golden Book, The: Legends of Saints and Martyrs of the Church (Mrs. Francis Alexander). Nutt. 6s. net.

Hazell's Annual for 1906. Hazell, Watson and Viney. 3s. 6d. net.

Japan, A Fantasy of Far: or Summer Dream Dialogues (Baron Suye-Matsu). Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

Year-book of the Scientific and Learned Societies of Great Britain and Ireland. 1905. Griffin.

Zoological Society of London (Henry Scherren). Cassell. 30s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER:—Revue des Deux Mondes, 3/6; La Revue, 1/6; 50; Mercure de France, 2/6; 25; North American Review, 2/6.

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Applications must be made on the official form, a copy of which can be obtained from the Clerk of the London County Council at the County Hall, Spring Gardens, S.W., or at the Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C., and must be returned so as to reach him not later than Monday, 15th January, 1906, addressed to the Education Officers as above. Application must be accompanied by copies of three testimonials of recent date. Candidates applying through the post for the form of application should enclose a stamped addressed envelope or wrapper. All communications should be marked on the outside—Avery Hill Training College.

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THE PEKIN SYNDICATE.

An ordinary general meeting of the members of the Pekin Syndicate, Limited, was held on Tuesday at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Carl Meyer (Chairman) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Thomas Gilbert) having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report,

The Chairman said that since the date at which the accounts were made up the number of Shansi shares issued was 993,572, but they had since been increased, in round numbers, to 1,200,000. All the shares had been sold in the ordinary way, through brokers, and not below par, with the usual brokerage. There were some further options outstanding given to the same brokers at higher prices, expiring at the end of this month and at the end of next March, but it was impossible for him to say, at the moment, whether any of those options would be exercised. The net amount standing under the item suspense account was roundly £50,000. That was really a profit, and it would be distributable as such. One of their liabilities was under the agreement, dated June 23, 1899, for the construction of their railways. The railways they had built so far had been constructed, on behalf of the syndicate, by Messrs. S. Pearson and Son, Limited, and the work had been done in the most satisfactory manner. Their contract with that firm stipulated that the latter should build railways for the syndicate to the extent of £1,000,000. So far, railways for about half that amount had been constructed. As to the remainder, the board must be the judges of the period when those railways shall be constructed. They would build railways in China when it suited them. He then explained the circumstances in which the Taokou Chinghua main line railway had been acquired by the Chinese Government. At the end of the syndicate's next financial year, apart from any profits to be derived from their different concessions, they would have two distinct items to deal with, less the expenditure which would have to be met—namely, the suspense account of £50,000 which is profit and the interest of 5 per cent. on their holding of £700,000 5 per cent. Chinese Railway Government Bonds. When he added that, in addition, their cash assets were very nearly £300,000, all invested in first-class securities, he thought it would be agreed that their financial position was a very strong one, and need give no cause for any anxiety whatever. It was just four and a half years ago since they last met. That had been a period of anxiety and of hard work for all connected with the syndicate. There had been "ups and downs," as there were in all enterprises of this nature, but he was glad to say that the "ups" were now distinctly in the ascendency. He had no hesitation in saying, with a full sense of the responsibility which he knew that his words would carry, that the syndicate's prospects to-day were as bright, if not brighter, than they ever had been before. The board had hoped to be able to inform the shareholders that coal had actually been struck in their territory, and that they were on the eve of immediate production, but news had been received which showed that a slight further delay would occur. When their agent in China, Mr. Jamieson, succeeded in obtaining the Chinese Government's consent to take over the railway and repay the syndicate for their outlay on it, he had to do so by means of a compromise, which consisted in their agreeing to allow the Chinese Government the right to come in as their partners, on joint account, in any smelting works which they might in future put up in the province of Shansi for the purpose of working the Shansi iron ores. It was thought best to agree to that compromise, because it was useless to hope to work with profit or advantage in a Chinese province in the interior unless they had the local authorities with them. Turning to the political outlook in China, telegrams had appeared in the newspapers within the last few days which put a rather sombre construction on the situation, and which almost went so far as to predict a repetition of the deplorable events that were witnessed a few years ago. He thought that those fears were exaggerated. There was no doubt that, after the Russo-Japanese war, strong feelings had arisen in favour of the Japanese as against European nations, and there was also a tendency not to grant any further concessions to European syndicates. At the same time, there was no tendency, so far as he was aware, to try and use that feeling to repudiate contracts entered into previously. The board had no indications to that effect; if they had they would naturally at once invoke the assistance of his Majesty's Government. The Government which had just gone out of office had given them as much assistance on all occasions as any English Government would ever give to a commercial enterprise, and he had no reason to think that the new Government would not do likewise. The labour question is satisfactory. As to the syndicate's coal mines, Mr. Jamieson estimated that they ought to secure a minimum profit of 6s. for every ton produced, and those on the spot best qualified to speak stated that, when the mines were in a position to produce as much, there would be no difficulty in finding an outlet for 2,000 tons a day. So far everything mentioned in the prospectus had been borne out by facts. In conclusion he moved the adoption of the report.

Mr. Robert Miller seconded the motion.

Mr. Caird said there was some doubt in the minds of certain people, so he had heard, as to the validity of the original concession, and that appeared to be confirmed by the fact that the agreement was in the possession of the British Consulate out there.

Mr. T. H. Phillips wanted to know if the cash asset of £300,000 was the amount at the present time.

Mr. H. B. Valle from his knowledge of China said that directly the syndicate's mines were producing coal, and facilities were provided for distributing it, every ton would be taken by the Chinese.

The Chairman said all fears about the validity of the syndicate's concession were groundless. The £300,000 in cash assets was the amount at the present time.

After some remarks by Mr. J. G. H. Glass, who spoke to the existence of the iron ore and the quality of the coal, the motion was carried unanimously, and the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

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ETNA DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.

The first annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Etna Development Company, Limited, was held on Monday at Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C., Dr. Hans Sauer (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. G. T. Frost) having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' certificate,

The Chairman briefly reviewed the balance-sheet, and said:—"This being the first meeting of the company, I propose to give a brief résumé of the various groups of claims acquired by the company. To start with the property from which the company takes its name, the Etna Mine is situated in the Hartley district. The property comprises a compact group of 140 claims, on which the reef is traceable for a total length of 3,300 feet. The reef is a quartz fissure vein, having a strong strike continuity. The reef has been extensively worked by the ancients, whose old workings extend, with some short gaps, for a total distance of 1,800 feet. To sum up the position with regard to the Etna Mine, it is considered that this property alone, being worked on a 20 or 25 stamp basis, would give regular and payable yields. The reef being a fissure vein, and having such great lateral extent, one is justified in assuming that it will be continuous in depth, and a gratifying feature of the property is that the assay values obtained up to date on the third level are quite as good as, if not better than, those proved on the second level. The consulting engineer, in his report, states that the outlook of the property is decidedly encouraging, and he recommends the flotation of a company with a small capital to embrace the Etna with neighbouring properties, and predicts that such a company has genuine chances of success. The property, as you will see, has been well developed, one of the vendors having spent not less than £30,000 on it. The next property in point of importance is probably the Day Dawn (20) claims, situated in the Mazoe district, 13 miles from Salisbury, and within half a mile of the well-known Jumbo Mine. Extensive ancient workings exist on the claims, and their depth and length give promise of the existence of valuable reefs below. Judging from the ancient workings, it would appear that there are two parallel lines of reef. Two of the old workings are 300 feet long, while a third is about 200 feet long. Samples taken from the dumps and shafts gave 2 oz. 15 dwt., 2 oz. 3 dwt., and 1 oz. 5 dwt. per ton.

Mr. Jones, the consulting engineer, made a cursory examination of this property, and formed a very high opinion of its value. This property will doubtless be one to which we shall give our early attention. The Mildred property consists of 70 claims, situated in the Mazoe district, some few miles distant only from the Etna Mine. The property is fairly well situated as regards fuel and water. The extensive old workings, the engineers tell us, indicate the existence of a reef traceable for 1,600 feet, probably carrying more or less gold, along a line of 968 feet. The indications are favourable as regards extent both of reef and gold, and the property is thoroughly worth prospecting. The Homestead and Gladstone consist of a compact block of 90 claims, situated in the Salisbury district. Both properties appear to be on the same line of reef. On the Gladstone the reef can be traced on the surface by the outcrop and the old workings for a distance of 650 feet, giving a length of strike of 1,100 feet, while on the Homestead the total length of the old workings is over 900 feet. The value of the reef on the Homestead is 1 oz. 8 dwt. over 17 inches, while on the Gladstone it is 9½ dwt. over 25 inches. The tonnage of ore developed on the Homestead, including ore at grass, amounts to 8,000 tons of an average value of 1 oz. per ton, which clearly indicates the highly payable character of the deposit. Since June 30—that is to say, since the date covered by our report—we have leased these claims on tribute on the basis of the company receiving a percentage of the gold won. The company's revenue from tributes will therefore in the future be increased by that to be derived from these claims." Having referred to other claims, the Chairman said that since June 30 last they had disposed of one property. The St. Ives claims, situated in the Longmudung district, quite close to the long line of banket formation, have been sold to the West Rhodesian Banket Company, Limited, for 20,000 shares in that company and certain calls over reserve shares. As chairman of both the Rhodesian Banket Company and the West Rhodesian Banket Company he had every confidence in the future of the new undertaking, and the 20,000 shares represent an asset of considerable value; they are to-day quoted at about 1½. When the Etna was floated they would receive a further accession of resources, in the shape of shares forming consideration for sale, which could be converted into cash should our requirements necessitate it. Having regard to the fact that the company is not pursuing any active mining policy at the present moment, the directors are taking only one-half of the fees to which they are entitled. He formally moved "That the directors' report and accounts to June 30, 1905, as presented, be, and they are hereby, received and adopted."

Mr. T. H. Dolbey seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

ROBINSON GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Notice to Shareholders.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE SIXTEENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS, for the year ending 31st December, 1905, will be held in the Board Room, The Corner House, Johannesburg, on Wednesday, 28th March, 1906, at 11 A.M., for the following purposes:—

- (1) To receive and consider the balance sheet and profit and loss and reports of the directors and auditors.
- (2) To elect a director in place of Mr. Francis Drake, who retires by rotation, but who is eligible, and offers himself for re-election.
- (3) To elect auditors in the place of Messrs. H. J. Macrae and C. L. Andersson & Co., who retire, but are eligible for re-election, and to fix their remuneration for the past audit.
- (4) To transact general business.

The Share Transfer Books will be closed from the 28th March to the 3rd April, 1906, both days inclusive.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER wishing to be present or represented at the Meeting must deposit their Share Warrants at the places and within the times following:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (b) At the London Office of the Company, 1 London Wall Buildings, London, E.C., at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (c) At the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas, 3 Rue d'Antin, Paris, at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

By Order of the Board,

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office, No. 1, London Wall Buildings, E.C.,
21st December, 1905.

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